

THE NATION

AUGUST 8, 1966 35 cents

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A WHITE LOOK AT BLACK POWER

PAUL GOOD

ARMING THE NEAR EAST *Pandora's Ammunition Box*

JOE ALEX MORRIS, JR.

'FOOD FOR FREEDOM' *Paradox of Foreign Aid*

BRUCE J. OUDES

NEWSPAPER NEWS

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LETTERS

TV whistle stops

Rego Park, N. Y.

DEAR SIRs: Commenting on the relationship between TV and politics in his article ["TV and Youth: a New Style for Politics," *The Nation*, June 6] Harold Mendelsohn predicts that with the development of low-cost "local TV outlets . . . the strangle holds that local courthouse gangs have had on our city halls and state houses will be ultimately broken." One aspect of Reform Democrat Ted Weiss' attempt to unseat the party regular, Rep. Leonard Farbstein, in New York's 19th Congressional District involved a dramatic advance in exactly this direction.

A principal campaign technique was the candidate's attendance at "coffee klatches" held in the apartments of sympathizers around the district. Although as many as fifty people would attend these, it was felt that wider dissemination was desirable. Remarkably, Weiss was able to use TV to achieve this without the purchase of a minute of air time. Through the efforts of Morty Schiff, a Yeshiva University research physicist . . . a meeting in one living room was broadcast over a closed circuit on an unused channel to anyone in the same apartment building who wanted to tune it in.

This technique can be important . . . wherever large housing projects are found. *Oscar G. Chase*

amplification

Last week Mr. Bainbridge of the Aspen Skiing Corporation phoned long distance to suggest that P. G. Ernst may have been a bit harsh on the amenities of Aspen ["Will Success Spoil Aspen," *The Nation*, July 25]. Another survey than that referred to by Mr. Ernst indicates that 70 per cent of a sample of skiers prefer Aspen to other ski resorts. Moreover, the Alpine town of Garmisch has made Aspen its sister ski city and will rename one of its streets "Aspen"; Aspen is reciprocating by naming its main street "Garmisch." A delegation from Garmisch is visiting Aspen and will bring with it 500 gallons of beer. *Editors*

food bribe

Santa Monica, Calif.

DEAR SIRs: I find Frederick Kuh's proposal [editorial, "Is Peace Naive?" *The Nation*, July 25] to offer China "a certain amount of food for a specified number of years as an inducement to contribute to peace in Vietnam" . . . repugnant. . . . In this context it strikes me as a bribe to restrain China from "torpedoing" peace efforts. . . . Mr. Kuh does not offer mainland China a part in negotiating a settlement in Vietnam although he does generously suggest adding Chinese Communist observers to watch elections in South Vietnam. Yet he envisages a collaboration between the United States and the USSR . . . despite the fact that Russia has no part in the present conflict. . . . In view of China's direct interest in Southeast Asia, a lasting settlement in Vietnam can hardly be negotiated without its participation. *Irmgard Lenel*

funds for justice

Oakland, Calif.

DEAR SIRs: Contributions are sought to assist those now being jailed and fined for their participation in the San Francisco hotel and auto row sit-downs of March, 1964 (see editorial). Checks should be drawn to Funds for Justice and sent to Edward Stern, 690 Market Street, San Francisco. *Jessica Mitford*

EDITORIALS

Mr. Johnson's Labor Problem

Generally, in a prolonged and disruptive labor dispute more is at stake than the immediate issues on the surface. This is particularly true of the air-line strike, which has tied up some 60 per cent of domestic passenger traffic and completely cut off seventy cities from air-mail service. Nor are the carriers, the machinists' union, the traveling public and the postal service the only interests affected. This strike contains the makings of a political crisis between President Johnson and organized labor, and Mr. Johnson's reluctance to take a direct hand in it shows that he is well aware of the fact.

A factor not generally recognized is that the prestige and future authority of the Council of Economic Advisors and the wage guidelines formulated by the Johnson Administration are teetering in the balance. The principle underlying the guidelines is that wage increases should not exceed rises in productivity, thus providing a rule-of-thumb limitation on union demands. The union movement in general detests both the council and the guidelines. Moreover, the members of the International Association of Machinists who are employed by the air lines—some 35,000 mechanics and other ground service workers—know well enough that other unions, the United Auto Workers for instance, have broken through the guideline barriers in the past and gotten away with it. They wish to do the same.

The carriers would be amenable to a settlement in conformity with the guidelines. They are in the advantageous public relations position of patriotically supporting the President and being able to blame the inconvenience to the public on the rapacious unionists. Economically, they could meet the union demand of 53 cents an hour over the \$3.52 an hour top rate for mechanics, spread over thirty-six months, and the vacation, health and welfare benefits superimposed on the wage demands. But it is only in the last two years that their jet transports have proved to be a bonanza; before that some of the lines were in real trouble and the industry as a whole was more or less depressed. Management has not forgotten these recent hard times, and it is apprehensive of a recurrence. When the time comes for the industry to invest in supersonic jets—and when one major carrier buys the others must follow suit—there will be financial problems which may make those of the subsonic age look almost trivial. The carriers want to pay dividends and accumulate reserves during the present comparatively lush times, and their managements would like stock options and bonuses. The guidelines and a patriotic stance are a convenient front.

From the union's standpoint again, the leadership must secure substantial benefits for the rank and file or Jimmy Hoffa's Teamsters may move in on their domain. The longer the strike lasts, the more insistent the members will be on a total victory, since they are out of work in the meantime. Neither side will succumb readily to attrition. The union has something like 900,000 members and less than 5 per cent are on strike. The domestic air lines operate under an agreement whereby any extra profit accruing to the operating lines because of a strike is distributed among

the struck lines. Thus both sides are well cushioned against destitution.

The situation is not one in which Mr. Johnson can knock heads together. By all indications, only political intervention can get the grounded aircraft flying again. The President will have to declare a national emergency before the Congress can act. Such a declaration will be stretching a point, but there is enough confusion to support it. Inconvenience, says George Meany, is a small price to pay for freedom. But as inconvenience is prolonged, the public will treasure freedom, in Mr. Meany's sense, less and less. The freedom an influential sector wants at present is freedom to fly.

Legislation halting the strike for 150 or 180 days and, if no settlement is reached, empowering the President to settle the dispute "in the public interest," will be passed if the President requests it. That way lies compulsory arbitration, and labor's affection for Mr. Johnson, less than ardent even now, will be further attenuated. The 150-day return to work will get him past the November elections, but what of 1968?

South Africa's Victory

Few Americans have any interest in the International Court of Justice; many are not even aware that it is the principal judicial organ of the United Nations. The emergent African states, in contrast, are very much concerned over the Court's deliberations, and their leaders and their people alike are bitterly disappointed in the outcome of the complaint of Ethiopia and Liberia against South Africa's imposition of apartheid on the mandated territory of South West Africa. The decision could hardly have come in a worse form; it is almost as if it had been calculated to weaken further the UN's authority and prestige. The Court did not rule on the merits; it neither upheld racism nor condemned it. The ruling was on the technical ground that the complainants did not have any legal right or interest in the subject matter of their claims. On this procedural issue the Court was divided 7 to 7 and the President, Sir Percy Spender of Australia, cast the deciding vote. It is a lugubrious end to nearly six years of litigation, sixteen printed volumes of written pleadings and nearly 6,000 pages of oral argument. It leaves South Africa free to extend its brand of racism with no legal impediment, while the African nations must resort to other means to gain their ends.

Justice Philip C. Jessup of the United States voted with the minority and registered a long, vehement dissent. He described the case as "a procedure of utter futility," a conclusion with which not only most laymen but a majority of international lawyers will agree. Mr. Jessup held that in accepting the case in 1962, the Court had precluded the finding that the complainants had no standing. Another inconsistency to which he called attention was the advisory opinion of 1950, to the effect that the UN retained supervisory authority in South West Africa. In the tie vote, the

SUMMER SCHEDULE

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Court neither confirmed nor reversed this ruling, but evaded it and all the other ethical issues. A statement by the United States Mission to the United Nations, which in marked contrast to Mr. Jessup's almost scornful dissent seemed to heave a sigh of relief that a confrontation with Cape Town had been avoided, emphasized the purely legalistic nature of the Court's decision. It read as though the State Department found virtue in this anticlimactic end to years of deliberation.

One reason for the change in the Court's views was a change in the composition of the tribunal, particularly the death of Badawi Pasha in 1965. The judges are selected by vote of the General Assembly, where Afro-Asians and the Socialist countries have a clear majority. These factions should mobilize their forces to block the appointment of justices who either have a reactionary bias or are indifferent to the human issues involved in cases of this type.

Another proposal that has been discussed in the UN delegates' lounge is for the Afro-Asian countries to acquire a better bargaining position, so that they can twist arms when necessary, as the United States has never hesitated to do in the issue of admission of Communist China to the UN, and other controversies in which it had a special interest. Although Justice Jessup voted against South Africa and castigated the majority, the United States has given a minimum of support to the Afro-Asian countries' stand against racism. American investments in South Africa speak louder than American words deploring apartheid. The Africans could introduce a draft resolution to refer the legality of U.S. military intervention in Vietnam to the International Court of Justice for an advisory opinion. The Court would presumably be in no hurry to pick up this hot potato, but the request would go some distance toward providing a base of bargaining power for anti-colonialist and anti-racist objectives.

An Instructive Episode

The furor over the threatened trial of the American flyers held by the North Vietnamese provides rich material for study in that realm where war, diplomacy, psychopathology and public relations overlap. When it appeared that Hanoi might try the prisoners, Sen. Frank Church, speaking for a group of "doves," issued a calm and measured appeal to Ho Chi Minh to refrain. Dr. Spock, Norman Thomas, U Thant and Pope Paul were among others who set an example of civilized good sense; but a far more numerous group of Americans in high position plunged headlong into hysteria, whether genuine or contrived. Some of the prisoners had been paraded through the streets of Hanoi—a standard technique of governments which are impotent to protect their people from air attacks—and on this premise Congressmen, editors and others behaved as if the prisoners had already been condemned and were on the scaffold with the noose around their necks. It was almost as if they *wanted* the men to be put to death, so that their hawkish passions would be justified by the event.

If the flyers themselves were not war criminals, it became perfectly obvious that genocide did not repel numerous U.S. politicians and publicists. Few were willing to advocate it forthrightly—the gimmick was that the Ameri-

can people would unite in an irresistible demand for the nuclear destruction of North Vietnam if the flyers were harmed. It was not until after several weeks of this uproar that Ambassador Harriman said what the President should have said immediately: "The United States Government is not going to be a barbarian because the North Vietnamese act in a barbaric way." Undoubtedly there was—there still is—a possibility that selected prisoners might be tried, but that their lives were endangered was a possibility so remote that the only sensible attitude would have been to wait and see.

A particularly disgraceful feature of the affair was that, ever since President Johnson made this a predominantly American war, we have been turning over captured Vietcong and North Vietnamese to the South Vietnamese forces, who have tortured and killed hundreds or thousands, throwing them from aircraft, drowning them if the water torture did not elicit the desired information, and in every possible way violating the elementary rules of humanity and the Geneva Convention. Photographs of the torture of prisoners by the forces of the Vietnamese government have been shown on U.S. television and published in the newspapers. With few exceptions, from the Administration down to the man in the street, Americans viewed these atrocities with indifference. Nothing could be more revealing of the character of the Johnson Administration and the people who support it.

The prisoner episode also had its ludicrous side. We are constantly given hints of the mysterious channels through which the Administration ferrets out the enemy's intentions. As far as the prisoners were concerned, the Administration feared the worst, although, as usual, all was confusion. Then Robert Little, foreign assignment manager for the Columbia Broadcasting System, had a brilliant if obvious idea. He cabled Ho Chi Minh asking him kindly to advise whether he intended to put the captive airmen on trial. "No trial in view," Ho replied laconically and, at greater length, reiterated his conditions for peace. The White House then disclosed that it had learned two days earlier that the trials were to be "postponed." There was no sign that it proposed to take advantage of the opportunity for further discussion with Ho, whose image as an Asian devil had been somewhat impaired, if only for the moment. By all indications the Administration will continue to rely on escalation, with no end in sight.

Cranston on Birch

Few politicians are willing to stick their necks out in a good cause; Alan Cranston is one of the few. He has just released a 26-page blast at the John Birch Society. This is the more remarkable in that California is a hotbed of the society, and Cranston is comptroller of California.

This is not the first time that Cranston has given fanatical rightists a going-over. Returning from Germany in 1938 as a foreign correspondent for INS, he revealed that the *Mein Kampf* on public sale in America was "a fraudulent, cleaned-up version." Analogously, the current edition of Robert Welch's *magnum opus* omits a charge made in the original—that Dwight D. Eisenhower was "a dedicated, conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy."

Cranston's principal service in "The John Birch Society: A Soiled Slip Is Showing," is a conclusive demonstration that the Birchites, as a group, are inherently racist, and are pursuing the same line as the old-line bigots who preceded them. Gerald L. K. Smith, who started in business with the pro-Nazi Silver Shirt movement in the 1930s and is today selling the same bill of goods, wrote in the August, 1963, issue of his magazine, *The Cross and the Flag*, that he was "highly pleased" with the work of the John Birch Society and that as its members "matured," they would surely delve into the "Jewish question." Since both Smith's Christian Nationalist Crusade and Welch's John Birch Society keep their membership secret, there is no way of determining the overlap of membership, but Cranston believes it to be substantial.

The present membership of the John Birch Society is estimated at 100,000 and it is increasing rapidly. Among 100,000 people there must be many with decent instincts. They owe it to themselves to read Cranston's dossier on the society and to decide whether it is a fit place for patriotic Americans.

Delayed Injustice

The California atmosphere in which the Birch Society thrives may be sensed in San Francisco's current action against a group of men and women who in March, 1964, took part in civil rights demonstrations against the hotels and auto dealers of that city. The sit-ins, which were staged to protest against the inadequate employment of Negroes in the two industries, were remarkably successful: both

the hotels and the dealers agreed to correct their employment practices and have, at least in part, done so. The Human Rights Commission, established by the mayor shortly after the sit-ins, has acknowledged that the pioneering demonstrations facilitated its work. If anything, the demonstrations deserved the city's vote of thanks.

But in California, where the rapidly rising population seems to be as rapidly moving to the right, there has been a public clamor to make such dramatic appeals to justice impossible in the future. Accordingly, several hundred individuals have been brought to trial for the offense of trespassing, which for first offenders, as the bulk of these were, normally brings a suspended sentence and perhaps a small fine. The result in these cases has been jail sentences totaling 4,940 days and fines totaling \$13,289. The pressure on San Francisco's courts was so great that judges were brought in from the outlying areas, including Judge David D. French of Orange County, who describes himself as "a country boy" and who sentenced Dr. Thomas N. Burbridge, professor of pharmacology at the University of California Medical School and former chairman of the NAACP, to nine months in jail for sitting-in at an auto agency. Orange County is one of the state's citadels of conservatism.

The men and women who in 1964 forced two groups of San Francisco businessmen to adopt policies which even one of their own spokesmen called "a milestone in community relations," are now being vindictively punished for their good citizenship. The tragedy of Watts fell between the demonstrations and the jailings; clearly it has taught the white fathers of San Francisco nothing about the springs of human action.

PANDORA'S AMMUNITION BOX

JOE ALEX MORRIS, JR.

Mr. Morris is Middle East correspondent for the Los Angeles Times. He has been reporting from the Arab world over the past fifteen years.

Beirut

It is not always easy to explain the logic whereby America sells to supposedly friendly countries arms which will in all likelihood be used against other countries with whom we are on equally good terms. Yet this practice has been established U.S. policy for a number of years. We sell or give tanks and aircraft to Jordan, which rattles them in the face of Israel; and we provide similar equipment to Israel for use against the Arabs. The billions of dollars worth of military hardware that went to Pakistan and India was offered in the cause of defending the free world against communism; but it was used in the Kashmir war. Greece and Turkey, two other recipients of American military largess, came very close to blows over Cyprus two summers ago, and may yet find themselves dodging each other's Yankee bullets.

It does not follow from this that we deliberately fan conflagrations among our friends and allies, and indeed we take some precautions to avoid that result. But the supposed safeguards written into arms deals have proved of little or no

force when traditional enemies are determined to have another go at conflicts that sometimes date back for centuries. Furthermore, the image of Uncle Sam, the impartial arms merchant, evokes little gratitude and even less admiration in the recipient countries—outside the military caste. Israel complains bitterly over guns delivered to its Arab neighbors, and the Arabs raise the propaganda roof when some forty obsolescent Skyhawk jet bombers are sold to Israel.

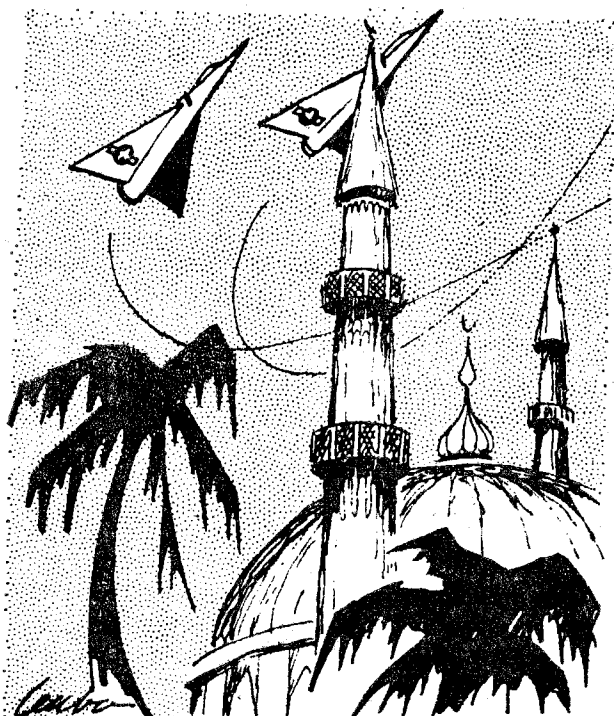
We are not safe from criticism even in a country like Iran which, aside from the Soviet Big Brother to the north, is not seriously threatened by any of its neighbors. Our military handouts over the years have led to a crisis of sorts because we are reluctant to supply the Shah with a navy. His Imperial Majesty wants a Persian Gulf flotilla because he suspects that his brother Arabs to the south may one day try to seal off the Gulf and prevent his oil from getting out to—among other places—Israel. In a moment of pique, he asked the docile National Assembly to appropriate \$200 million for the purchase of a navy anywhere he sees fit. He hasn't spent the money yet, and no doubt figures that the United States will eventually sell him what he wants. He may be right, but the animosity has been engendered.

It is the Arab-Israeli confrontation, however, that makes

American arms policies seem truly the product of a demented computer. This is so, primarily, because the arms race in this tense region has broken out of control, and there is precious little the United States can do about it. Prior to 1955, America, Britain and France, acting in consort, were able to maintain something like a military balance between Israel and its Arab neighbors. But at that time Russia had not entered the picture; today it occupies the center of the stage.

The 1948 debacle of the Palestine war laid the groundwork for a break in traditional Arab ties to the West, but the rupture was surprisingly slow in coming. As late as 1955, Gamal Abdel Nasser was willing to buy arms in the West. What he was no longer prepared to do was accept second-hand equipment, the use of which was to be carefully restricted by conditions attached to the sale.

John Foster Dulles was unwilling, or unable, to understand this change of attitude and Nasser turned to the Soviet bloc for weapons. Since then, Syria, Iraq, Algeria and



Yemen have followed Egypt's lead, and the Soviet Union is now the prime supplier of weaponry to the Arab world. The Tripartite Declaration of 1950, in which the United States, Britain and France sought to establish security in the Middle East, has become a mockery.

The entry of Russia into the tensions of the Near East has put the United States in the uncomfortable position of maintaining the ultimate (regional) deterrent in the Sixth Fleet, while at the same time having to watch helplessly while the Arabs arm to the teeth. Rather than abandon these nations as a lost cause, the State Department has adopted what it calls a policy of "selective sales . . . based on careful case-by-case examinations and a determination that such a sale would not be a de-stabilizing factor."

In effect, this means that it's okay to provide Jordan with arms (whatever their eventual use), if the transaction keeps the Russians out of what remains of a dwindling Arab

market. Politically, it makes sense: Jordan would probably be forced by Arab political pressures to take Soviet arms if it could not get them from the West. And without question, the West has been losing political influence over Arab governments as they have freed themselves from dependency on Western armaments.

There is an interesting corollary to U.S. policy in this respect. We will also sell arms to countries that have gone all-out for Sovietization of their military equipment when we see a chance to break the Communist dominance of a particular Arab market. Thus in recent years we have sold Iraq some 200 armored personnel carriers, and American "Diamond T" heavy duty power units for tank transporters have gone to Syria to replace Soviet equivalents that did not stand up to the grueling desert conditions.

American arms policy in the Arab-Israel conflict would thus appear to make some kind of sense, but in practice and even within the present limited terms of reference, our arms sales in the Middle East often seem to do more harm than good. We expect kicks from the other side when we sell arms to the Arabs or the Jews. Now we are being criticized by Arabs for selling weapons to other Arabs.

Following the recent sale of Skyhawks to Israel, Nasser, who has now shed his halfhearted efforts to get along with his more conservative brothers, accused both King Faisal of Saudi Arabia and King Hussein of Jordan of conspiring with the United States to help Israel. The reasoning is that Washington would never have dared to sell Israel offensive weapons had not the Western powers, led by the United States, paved the way with big arms sales to the Arab states.

Nasser's public chastisement of the two monarchs came after both had reached agreement with Western powers on new arms, following protracted and, to them, highly irritating negotiations which contrasted poorly with the standard Soviet policy of cheap prices, quick delivery and easy payment at very low interest rates. King Hussein, under pressure from the United Arab Command to equip his air force with supersonic fighters comparable to those of Israel, shopped around anxiously in the United States, Britain and France. All three Western nations were willing to sell, but none would give Hussein credit and repayment terms which his poverty-line fiefdom could afford. Furthermore, the best price Hussein could get for new aircraft was something like three times that asked for a comparable Soviet MIG-21, which the Russians offer on the Arab market at the uneconomic and obviously political price of around \$400,000.

Hussein wanted no part of a Soviet deal, and with the help of other pro-Western Arab states successfully resisted Nasser's pressure to standardize all Arab armies with Soviet equipment. Nasser gave way on this point with understandable reluctance—any military expert would agree that co-ordination of Arab armies against Israel would be vastly simplified if all used the same equipment. At the same time, certain of the more affluent Arab states, among them Kuwait, agreed to help Jordan (which has the longest frontier with Israel of any Arab state) by subsidizing certain arms purchases up to the rock-bottom price on the current world market. This was an open encouragement to Hussein to buy Soviet, and for a while it seemed that he might have to. Eventually, a deal was worked out whereby Formosa sold him some thirty-six early model F-104As.

Faisal had a different problem. He was willing to spend \$500 million and perhaps more on an air defense network, and he had the oil revenues to pay for it. Yet he too was shabbily treated. Faisal wanted American F-104s, but eventually the Saudis were persuaded to accept an Anglo-American package in which short-range British Lightning interceptors replaced the 104s. To the dismay of Lockheed and other American firms, the United States backed this British proposal. It turned out later that Washington and London had agreed privately that the British jets should go to Saudi Arabia as part of a complicated offset costs arrangement which will enable Britain to buy American F-111 jets and other advanced equipment without an unduly burdensome outlay of dollars. This made everyone happy except the Saudis, who could truly look upon themselves as the victimized third party in a neat little arrangement.

One place in the Middle East where the United States has been following its official policy "to refrain from becoming a major supplier of arms in this area" is Israel. This worked out well enough as long as the West Germans were prepared to supply Israel with arms under the reparations agreement and France was willing to sell it weapons. But West Germany, eager to restore ruptured relations with the Arabs, has now stopped selling arms to Israel. Last year, the United States had to complete a shipment of Patton tanks under a deal originally made through the Germans.

France too would like to re-establish what it sees as its rightful place in the Arab world—a place that dates back to Napoleon's military conquest and cultural romance with Egypt. The Arabs, who tend to view de Gaulle as a Tito-like maverick in the Western camp, have responded with enthusiasm to French overtures. This could make France reluctant to continue as a traditional supplier of military equipment to Israel, and the French are showing themselves extraordinarily sensitive on the subject. There was a practically instant denial from Paris of a story leaked to *The New York Times* in Washington that French intermediate range missiles were being sold to Israel. With the German source gone and the French position dubious, the big question is whether the United States will now become Israel's prime source of arms. The years of carefully avoiding this commitment may soon be over.

Under what circumstances are America's "occasional selective sales" not a "de-stabilizing factor" in the Near East? The answer, as far as can be determined, rests on three fundamental points.

First, Israel insists on maintaining a credible capacity to conduct reprisal raids against its hostile neighbors. Correctly, it does not count on outside intervention, either through the UN or by friendly big powers, to stop Arab terrorism. Israel's determination to maintain its own military capability does not stop there, of course; but it is certain to gain Western acquiescence at least to that extent.

The second major factor is the conservative Arab states, who demand help in creating a military potential impressive enough to discourage the aspirations of their revolutionary brethren. The most pressing current example is Egypt's threat to invade Saudi Arabia if that country resumes military aid to the Yemeni Royalists. This poses no policy problems for Washington, and the competition for

the multimillion-dollar Saudi defense contract was waged vigorously by American, British and French manufacturers.

The third—and by far the dominant—element is the famed Arab-Israeli confrontation. For years, the State Department and other Western governments have taken it for granted that the Arabs could wipe out Israel, if they could ever organize themselves and if there were no outside military deterrents. A senior American diplomat now in Bagdad is convinced that they would attack Israel tomorrow if they thought they could get away with it.

However, most responsible Arab leaders, including Nasser, are very much aware of the outside deterrents. The biggest of these is the Sixth Fleet, stationed in the Mediterranean. Others include the British bases on Cyprus, and probably the NATO bases in Turkey.

Neither side, however, is taking anything for granted, including the awesome presence of the Sixth Fleet. No amount of arming of Israel's 2 million citizens will give that country anything approaching quantitative equality in military strength with 85 million Arabs, or even with the 40 million living on its doorstep. At least not since the Soviet Union began flooding the Arab market with weaponry. And how effective can any qualitative superiority be under these circumstances? Egyptian Field Marshal and Vice President Abdel Hakim Amer put it this way: "No matter what quantity of arms Israel may get, she will have to reach the point of saturation over which she cannot go."

Despite their own bitter divisions and differences, the Arabs are expanding their armies and improving their equipment. Timetables and deadlines have been set, funds are being made available by the Arab oil states, and in some countries, notably Jordan, the results have been impressive. The United Arab Command has been established but is a long way from effective operation. Both Jordan and Lebanon have declined to afford full transit facilities in peacetime to other Arab armies, and neither of these two nor Syria has agreed to allow Egyptian troops to be based on their territory.

All this could change, but meanwhile Israel profits from the lack of confidence and affection the Arabs exhibit toward one another. Probably 50,000 Egyptian troops are still stuck in the Yemen, far from Egypt's Sinai desert border with Israel, and virtually all of Iraq's combat units are in the north of that country fighting Kurdish rebels. Two of the four Arab states bordering on Israel have actually profited from its creation. Beirut has become a boom port since Haifa was cut off from the Arab hinterland. Tourism is Jordan's biggest foreign exchange earner, and this would rapidly dry up should Jerusalem become the capital of an Arab Palestine.

Such factors may make the Arab plans less alarming than they appear on paper, but no one underestimates the danger

The Other Continent

In the coming weeks, *The Nation* will publish a series of related articles on the political and social condition of the major countries of Latin America. The first of these, "Peasants and Guerrillas" by Norman Gall, will appear in the issue of August 22.

that a chance incident might spark a conflagration in the Middle East, and the chances of that happening increase with every step toward military preparedness taken by the Arab states. Furthermore, the recent revival of organized Arab terrorist raids across the Israel frontier has provoked more frequent Israeli retaliations, and any one of these brushes could lead to a major commitment of forces on both sides. The United Arab Command has exerted some pressure on the Arab states to control terrorists, since it wants to be fully prepared when the day of confrontation comes; but even should it be dragged into a full-scale war with Israel by the hit-and-run route, its armies would be much better prepared than they were two years ago.

Although U.S. explanations of its so-called policy in selling arms to the Middle East seem remarkably offhand, it is difficult at this point to imagine an attitude that would improve the situation. King Hussein would almost certainly feel obliged to accept Soviet arms if his Western sources were cut off. The Lebanese might not, but their 10,000-man army is relatively insignificant in the large picture. As for the other key nations—Egypt, Syria and Iraq—the West no longer controls their ordnance supplies.

The United States will no doubt continue, however reluctantly, to sell tanks and airplanes to both Arab and Jew—meanwhile hoping anxiously that they will be used for bluffs that never quite come to blows.

A WHITE LOOK AT BLACK POWER

PAUL GOOD

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In the middle of June, the words "Black Power" were shouted by a handful of Negroes marching along a Mississippi highway. The national reaction to this small verbal stimulus was extreme; it was as though someone had cried "fire!" in an excelsior factory. Before the echo had died, the civil rights movement was in disarray. The White House, many white liberals and most white men in the street were aghast, angry, or both. Not a few black men were upset. Why should these two words have produced such exorbitant reaction? The answer involves many racial facts and fictions current in American life.

Among the most violent reactors was Roy Wilkins of the NAACP, who exercised his prerogative as a veteran Negro leader to denounce Black Power. "It is the reverse of Mississippi," he told the NAACP convention in Los Angeles. "A reverse Hitler, a reverse Ku Klux Klan."

Dr. Martin Luther King sagaciously concentrated on trying to interpret what the words really meant, but he also dissociated himself from them; there was obviously some awful taboo about using the word "power" in conjunction with the word "black." President Johnson made that clear. "We are not interested in black power," the President declared. "And we are not interested in white power. But we are interested in American democratic power with a small 'd.'"

This was heartwarming biracial and bipartisan. But like so many of Mr. Johnson's statements, it did not come to grips with the issue. Because whether or not "we" are interested in white power, it is a fact of national life that virtually all power in America is white. There is black poverty, white power; black aspiration, white power; black pressure, white power.

Manifestations of white power have been sometimes gross, sometimes subtle. While the controversy over Black Power raged on front pages, the social, economic and political proofs of white power were scattered over the

inside pages. One story told about an amusement park in Lawson, Okla., that barred Negroes. Another reported that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was being forced by court order to eliminate a constitutional provision denying membership to anyone "unless he is a white man." The union, representing 40,000 jobs, has for half a century made sure that all the trains thundering across the continent would have white hands on the throttle while black hands made up the Pullman berths.

Up in the air, Vice President Humphrey and the chief of the Justice Department's antitrust division had flown to the All Star game in a plane owned by the Anheuser-Busch Company. Company executives had recently donated \$10,000 to the Democratic Party. A Justice Department antitrust suit had recently been dropped against the company. Surely these facts were related only by coincidence; yet a Negro, reading the story and remembering the national uproar a few years back when a colored FBI driver gave Dr. King a five-minute lift, might ponder how white folks just had a way of flying high together—to get some place.

Such stories—and thousands more they could tell—spelled out to Negroes the frustrating phenomenon of white power which the majority of whites were taking for granted. Understandably. Power of any color corrupts, and white America's power had had a disabling influence on its ability even to recognize the powerless position in which the American Negro found himself. All these factors of power, and the lack of it, combined on the Mississippi march to produce the new Negro rallying cry at a historic moment of change in the civil rights movement. An attempt to understand Black Power may begin with the march.

By June 15, the marchers had been trudging for nine dissension-ridden days through Mississippi, the heartland of white power in action and of Negro powerlessness. James Meredith was back in New York, wrapped in his personal mystique, nursing his wounds and suspicions about what civil rights leaders were doing to his original march concept. Dr. King, Floyd McKissick of CORE and Stokely Carmichael, chairman of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, were running the march with help from the Medical

Committee on Human Rights, the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party and the Delta Ministry. Charles Evers and the NAACP were giving on-again, off-again support. CORE and SNCC sneered at NAACP as representing the black bourgeoisie; NAACP huffed that it made racial progress while the others agitated.

Compounding the organizational stresses was the fact that McKissick and Carmichael were stepping into the national spotlight for the first time since being elected leaders and were eager to establish reputations. Dr. King's presence assured widespread publicity. But SNCC, in particular, had long been at odds with Dr. King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference and the patchwork unity of the past was badly frayed. March leaders were divided over objectives although McKissick saw strategic value in this.

"We're not getting sucked into one objective," he said. "So they can say, Well you got your civil rights bill. What else do you want? Get off the streets!"

For many miles, the spirit of going-on-ness, the spiritual lift of seeing Negroes leave their woebegone shacks to join the big parade had swept dissensions and tactics underfoot. And there was full agreement on one thing: the reality of life along Highway 51 (Meredith's original route to Jackson) and then along Highway 49 as the column swung west into the Delta. It was a reality that the lazy national eye slid over. Civil rights workers hadn't been killed lately and Congress had passed a whole bunch of civil rights laws and why the hell get out on a highway just to demonstrate? Particularly when the nation had enough trouble in Vietnam.

But quantities of federal law were being broken along both highways, and white men in control in Washington were doing nothing about it. The marchers passed no integrated schools, although the Supreme Court had ruled twelve years before that school segregation must end. Restaurants, courthouses, theatres and many hospitals were as segregated as they had been at the turn of the century, despite the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and other legislation. The job-rights section of the same act had produced little or no change in the scattered factories—most of them Northern-owned—along the route.

Mississippi Governor Paul Johnson was talking so moderately you could hardly believe he was the same man who once said NAACP stood for "niggers, alligators, apes, coon and possum." Yet there wasn't a single Negro in the Mississippi executive, judiciary or legislature. Thousands of Mississippi Negroes were being drafted to fight in Vietnam but there wasn't one Negro on a Mississippi draft board. The Poverty Program, fought by white Mississippians as if it were a Vietcong plot, the vaunted Poverty Program had done almost nothing to relieve poverty in a state where the median Negro income is around \$600 a year. It had only created a few hundred jobs *inside* OEO agencies like Head Start and a job training program called STAR that somehow wound up being run by the Catholic Church.

Hoehands in the cotton fields shimmering in June heat were getting \$3 for a ten-hour day, with no minimum wage or age safeguards. A multibillion-dollar cotton support bill financed by U.S. taxpayers was forcing drastic acreage cut-backs, but it contained not a word or a dollar to aid Negroes forced off white land without jobs, training or hope. The only federal law that had produced measurable results was

the Voting Rights Act. About 100,000 Negroes had registered since its enactment in August, 1965. This made a total of 130,000 on the books with more than 300,000 still unregistered against 545,000 white voters. Atrophied Negro political instincts and limited federal involvement, along with white power employing all the intimidating tricks the Deep South knew so well, had reduced registration to a trickle as the march came through.

All this reality of national failure to insure a democratic society of equal opportunity had been on display when the marchers reached the segregated city of Grenada on June 14. How much got across to the American public at large is debatable. Television newsmen were busy asking alarmed questions about campsite debates over nonviolence. UPI sent out a story calling the march "part movement, part circus." It stressed that many marchers wore T-shirts and denims, reported that one youth told a newsman that the coming sexual revolution would center around homosexuality, and concluded that most newsmen agreed with a highway patrolman who declared: "This is a great assembly of kooks."

Segregated Grenada smiled a crocodile smile, let Negroes use white courthouse bathrooms that had been numbered One and Two, not scatologically but racially, and hired temporary Negro registrars. It even swallowed its indignation when a black speaker slapped a bust of Jeff Davis and called him a "joker." "They're really trying the patience of this town," said a reporter whose journalistic myopia enabled him to overlook the Negro patience that had been tried for a century.

But Grenada didn't need sympathy. It planned to redeem its Deep South reputation with firings and jailings after the march moved on. The country didn't seem to be paying too much attention anyway. The Negro leadership was painfully aware that the town's analysis was correct, that something was needed to awaken America's comatose conscience. SNCC's Carmichael decided that his own moment of truth had arrived.

Stokely—as friend and foe alike call him—is 24, Harlem-bred and one of the young "old Mississippi veterans." He has been jailed twenty-seven times, survived the horrendous summer of 1964 in charge of the Greenwood COFO Freedom House that came under firebomb attack, and is an articulate spokesman for the ultra-militant wing of SNCC. That wing, under the philosophical spell of Bob Parish, *né* Moses, had carried the SNCC convention in May and Stokely was elected, replacing John Lewis. *Reporter* magazine reported that Lewis had been "dumped." The truth was that Lewis, a dedicated militant himself but spiritually committed to nonviolence without modifiers, had become a minority member in his own organization. SNCC, with Northern membership dominating its once-Southern character, had swung from nonviolent activism to a new, harder look which Stokely epitomized.

Tall and energetic, theorist and activist, Carmichael was outspoken if not always precise. He was orienting SNCC to all-black direction and limiting those whites who remained to work only in white communities. The white press, always eager to sit in judgment on the content and tone of the movement, had viewed him with an alarm it did not



exhibit at continued Southern defiance of federal law. This has been standard procedure whenever the Negro has begun to make assertive gestures, but Stokely reacted with a contempt that blocked free exchange with even the few perceptive reporters who covered the march—those from the *Los Angeles Times* and *The New York Times*, for example.

"There's no point explaining ourselves to the white press anymore," Stokely told me. "All they want to do is put us on the defensive. It isn't my job to make black people love everybody or to pick up guns—but to help black people get the things they deserve. We have to address ourselves to the black people, not to the press or the black bourgeoisie. Integration is an insidious subterfuge when initiated by blacks alone." It's his style to repeat dogma and he did.

"Integration is an insidious subterfuge when initiated by blacks alone. So we've got to move to control neighborhoods, sections and counties politically and economically just like every other American minority has done."

The next day, June 16, as the march entered Greenwood, he gave the word to SNCC supporters in the column to send the cry "Black Power" booming over the Delta. Carmichael himself was arrested that day for trying to put up the marchers' tents against police orders. A graphic example of what white power means to black men can be seen in two photographs—one, of his arrest appearing on the front page of the *Times*, June 17, the other, the arrest of Aubrey James Norvell after he allegedly shot James Meredith, which was on page 29 of the June 7 issue. An AP photo shows Stokely, grimacing in pain, as white policemen twist

his arms behind his back to handcuff him. He had not resisted arrest. The UPI picture of Norvell shows him with both hands free, puffing calmly on a pipe as he enters a police car with no official hand on him minutes after firing a shotgun three times at Meredith.

Stokely was bailed out—apparently with NAACP money—and came to a night meeting at the campsite with fire in his eye to tell the crowd:

"We're asking Negroes not to go to Vietnam but to stay in Greenwood and fight. We need Black Power. What do we want?"

"Black Power!" roared the crowd, and the question and answer was tossed back and forth in the night.

"If they put one more of us in jail," Stokely shouted, "we're not going to pay a bond to get out. . . . We're going up there and get him out ourselves. Black Power!"

"Black Power! Black Power!"

"You can't depend on the march here in Greenwood," he went on. "You must build a power base . . . the power base has to get you a black sheriff. . . . White people aren't going to do it for you . . . you have to stop being ashamed of being black and don't try to be white. . . . Now that doesn't mean to be anti-white . . . but get the nappiest-headed black man with the broadest nose and the thickest lips and make him sheriff!"

The crowd exulted. It seemed that a long-mute chord had been struck. But what did it all mean exactly? Storm courthouses? Run over whites? After the shouting died, Carmichael and I talked quietly together.

"When I talk about going to the courthouse," he said, "it's an allusion. Negroes understand me. But whites get nervous when we don't keep talking about brotherly love. They need reassurance. But we're not about to divert our energies to give it to them."

Nationwide, Negroes are a minority of 22 million out of a total population of 190 million, as President Johnson on July 20 pointedly reminded them. In Mississippi they could potentially out-register whites in 40 per cent of the counties, with black majorities possible in another dozen counties across the line in Alabama. But how could a minority on its own ever take significant national power?

"You can't everywhere," Carmichael said. "You take it anywhere you can out in the country, and in the cities you use bloc pressure like the Irish, Italians and everybody else. But you do it on your own terms, not on what the white man thinks you should do. This nation has only responded to demands in civil rights legislation. Whites never give anything. Even today Johnson won't send in federal registrars unless we speak to it. And as far as making coalitions in a place like Mississippi, who you gonna coalesce with? You can only talk to them on the basis of political power and you have to become more militant—in Mississippi and all over—because whites get more militant as we thrust into areas of real control they don't like to think about."

Yet there were immediate ambiguities. Other minorities had worked inside existing political parties to exert power, but Stokely sometimes seemed to be saying that Negroes should create their own independent parties. Except on a limited local basis, it sounded politically suicidal. Black Power was not intended as a call for black violence, but a

few marchers talked of spilling white blood, their words stridently publicized by the press and given the ring of policy. The concept of nonviolence was a black gift to white America, but white America had developed a proprietary feeling toward it and now was insisting that even though violence was a one-way street against Negroes, they would have to continue to buck the traffic and be run down. White fear of Negro riot was universal, and riot itself the ultimate weapon of desperation, self-annihilating to the rioter submerged in a mob and a confession of his own failure to challenge politically a society that had failed him. Already, riot was lacing the air with a whiff of brimstone.

Was Black Power a call for retaliatory combat and riot? It sometimes depended whether a Black Nationalist or a black voter registration worker was interpreting it. The day after Greenwood, Dr. King's right-hand man, Rev. Andrew Young, was trying to come to grips with Black Power as he marched past Negro shacks, surrounded by rows of cotton whose owner would share in billion-dollar-a-year federal supports.

"Even Gandhi preached that he would rather a man be violent than be a coward," Reverend Young said. "Dr. King has never said a man didn't have the duty to defend his person or home against attack. But we insist on non-violence in demonstrations because it works. The thing that worries me now is that nondiscipline is spreading. Black Power means one thing to one man and something else to another.

"Now what I think Stokely is doing is trying to fill the gap left by Malcolm. He's trying to project a militant image, push Negro protest as far as he can, carrying white liberals along with him as far as they will go. Then he may edge back a little. Actually, SNCC's position on Black Power isn't too far from ours except in style and semantics."

This was partially true. In the May Alabama primaries, Dr. King had urged Negroes to bloc vote for certain candidates, almost all black. SNCC, meanwhile, boycotted the primary, partly from principle and partly to conform with state "third party" laws as it prepared to run all-Negro independent slates in the fall. King backed State Attorney General Richmond Flowers in the gubernatorial primary and, as expected, he was trounced by Mr. and Mrs. George Wallace. The *Times's* Arthur Krock promptly lectured about the "counter polarization of white voters that Dr. King's counsel inevitably stimulated." It required a special brand of Krockian obtuseness not to see that Negro bloc voting was a countermeasure against already existing white Alabama polarization. But nowhere was the gulf between white and black, and the tensions and tactical differences among Negroes so obvious as in Mississippi.

In 1963, the NAACP's Medgar Evers paid with his life for trying to bring power to the black people of Mississippi within the existing system. His brother Charles succeeded him and was immediately involved in a power struggle against both the whites and SNCC, which was starting to practice the concept of Black Power without preaching it. SNCC entered Mississippi determined to leapfrog over any transitional accommodations with white power to a position of self-created strength to which whites would have to respond. Since more than 95 per cent of the state's

Negroes were poor, politically impotent and educationally impoverished, it determined to work with them in a basically class struggle against the Mississippi bourgeoisie, white or black. (It may be noted here that on a national scale 95 per cent of Negroes are ghettoized and represent a similar latent power source. The majority do not belong to SNCC, NAACP or CORE, and scarcely seem to belong to America. In Harlem, most belong simply to Adam Clayton Powell.)

Mississippi SNCC callously used the black bourgeoisie assembled under the NAACP aegis while trying in every way to undermine the organization and promote an egalitarian vision of a society that would be revolutionary but which otherwise was never clearly defined. Evers, continuing his brother's unrevolutionary approach and shrewd in the art of political survival, caught on early in the game. As far back as 1964 he boycotted the first convention of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, the political action arm set up by SNCC and CORE.

If SNCC was using NAACP's painfully established foothold in the state for its own ends, NAACP benefited from SNCC's headlong courage in openly challenging white authority and making the Negro aware that he should control his own destiny. Through a season of violence, SNCC—with CORE—forced the federal government to make the presence of the FBI and Justice Department more strongly felt, and that eased the organizing problems of all Negro groups. Salvos of bad publicity from the killings and bombings also jarred the white power structure to a legitimate fear that the state would be ruined economically if at least a façade of law and order were not erected. A memor-



able example of what could happen occurred in McComb, where SNCC workers and sympathizers were the principal targets of eighteen church burnings and Freedom House bombings in the '64 summer. This violence convinced three northern firms to abandon factory relocation there. White McComb leadership quickly worked through the NAACP for a well-publicized and successful test of public accommodations, while quietly and completely throttling SNCC efforts to rouse black citizens to independent political action.

The results of this internecine power struggle were still inconclusive as SNCC workers proclaimed Black Power on the march. The Freedom Party had made a moderately good showing in the June 7 state primary although all candidates—as expected—were steam-rolled by white opposition. SNCC influence still was strong in its council, but not absolute; the party ran one white Congressional candidate, thus nominally remaining open to whites.

Evers meanwhile was doing pretty well with his own voter organization, particularly in two counties (Jefferson and Claiborne) which had overwhelmingly Negro population majorities. It was not Black Power but it was black power. He had taken the NAACP into alliance with a new biracial group called the Mississippi Young Democrats which is put forward as a coalition of Negroes and white Mississippi liberals. The total number of publicly declared white liberals in Mississippi could ride with comfort in a Volkswagen. Hodding Carter III, editor of the Pulitzer Prize-winning Greenville *Delta Democrat*, is the Young Democrats' co-chairman, along with a University of Mississippi Negro student, Cleveland Donald.

Carter is a liberal within narrowly defined Mississippi terms. For example, when striking Negro cotton workers were shamefully handled by Greenville authorities last year, his paper looked the other way. But there are already signs that the Johnson Administration is giving tacit support to the Young Democrats to get the albatross of the regular white Mississippi Democratic Party off its neck. The President also has never forgiven the Freedom Party for rejecting his compromise over the seating of the white Mississippi delegation at the 1964 Democratic Convention. Charles Evers may someday be invited to dinner at the LBJ ranch, but Stokely Carmichael never will. It seems as obvious as it is dangerous that this alienation will draw the Administration even further than it has presently drifted from responsiveness to Negro realities. It also helps buttress Stokely's contention that in order to get into the game with the powers that be, Negroes must let the whites call the rules.

This controversy physically and ideologically dominated the Mississippi march and made it vulnerable to sniping from within and without. Dr. King was in the most exposed position. He did not want to disavow SNCC, which he had supported even when SNCC elements were freely taking pot shots at his "bourgeois" belief in coalition with the whites to create nonviolently the "beloved community." At the same time, Black Power was being equated with Negro violence, and violence remained anathema to Dr. King, and to his white moral and financial supporters.

"I prefer not to use the phrase Black Power," he said. "Not that I don't sympathize with aspects of it. But it seems to say, black supremacy, and this would be as evil as white

supremacy. I do know the Negro must have power if we're going to gain freedom and human dignity."

Dr. King's interpretation was challenged in New York by Lincoln Lynch, CORE's second in command, who gave a most persuasive explanation of the Black Power rationale. As quoted in *The New York Times*, he said:

This power, economic, political and psychological has been denied the black man for too long and must be realized. We need black people standing on their own two feet and all the shouts of "Freedom now" are meaningless and empty phrases until we accomplish this.

The white man will not respect you until you can stand toe to toe with him and eyeball to eyeball. History has shown that if you're really depending on the vast majority of whites to help you're really leaning on a very broken reed. . . . As time goes by the militants will appear more militant and the moderates more moderate. But what we must remember is that no man can be "moderately" free.

On June 21, Dr. King led a side march in Philadelphia, Miss., along with local Negro leadership. Deputy Sheriff Cecil Price, named in the killing of Schwerner, Goodman and Chaney, controlled the lawmen there who permitted and encouraged white townspeople to attack the marchers in one of the most terrifying outbreaks I have seen in the South during three years that include St. Augustine and Selma. Dr. King cabled the President for immediate federal intervention. The President instructed his assistant press secretary, Robert Fleming, to reply. Fleming said the President had been assured by Governor Johnson that state highway patrolmen would furnish adequate future protection.

"The President," said Fleming, "knows it is going to take a lot of effort to produce understanding down there."

Two days later, I stood with the marchers in a field behind a segregated Negro school in Canton while highway patrolmen fired tear-gas canisters directly at them, then kicked and beat with gun stocks those who were too sick or blinded to run. One patrolman, kicking a woman into semi-consciousness, said: "Nigger, you want your freedom? Well, here it is." Dr. King sent another cable and this time Attorney General Katzenbach was delegated to express the President's concern. He said that the violence, while deplorable, had resulted because Negroes refused to accept a white choice of campsites and had illegally gone to the school. It took a good deal of effort to understand why the Administration was responding with a legalism instead of indignation to the raw display of old-time white brutality. Lynch's "broken reed" dangled.

Washington indifference had another important and probably far-reaching effect. It undermined Dr. King at a time when his strength within the movement was being tested. In the past, at Selma for instance, he had been able to marshal strong Washington pressure when he called. Now, he was just another dismissed Negro voice. If the President had wanted to boost Black Power, he could not have chosen a better way.

By the time the march reached Jackson, Dr. King received another setback. SNCC, CORE and the Freedom Party outvoted his effort to have Charles Evers appear at the Capitol rally for the sake of unity. The militants would

not forgive Evers for his vacillating and sometimes critical attitude toward the march leadership (that this has worked in Evers' favor among white Mississippians is ironic, but indicates how the scorching mantle of "good nigger" will increasingly be bestowed by whites on Negro civil rights leaders who oppose Black Power).

Dr. King felt he could no longer cooperate with SNCC. Privately, he blamed SNCC's "meanness of spirit . . . too much infighting that wastes energies." Publicly, it was announced that SCLC henceforth would work alone in Mississippi. Black Power had forced the movement to drop its mask of solidarity, cracked and peeling anyway, and confront America with the varied faces of Negro demand.

Whites looked and were not pleased. Sen. Robert F. Kennedy decided "there is a militant group of Negroes who are not anxious to work with the white community to find answers to these problems." Author Lillian Smith, who had lent her personal courage and beautiful words to CORE for many years, was anguished when its convention endorsed Black Power. She resigned her membership, declaring that CORE had been infiltrated by "nihilists, black nationalists and plain old-fashioned haters . . . the new killers of the dream."

But many Negroes felt that white power, which had led whites to prosperity, was leading to slow death for Negroes. They believed that Miss Smith's dream and the stirring one that Dr. King had recounted on the Washington march had turned to rude awakening, the alarm bell of reality ringing in Watts and in Canton and in every community where white promises to Negroes were not being redeemed. Senator Kennedy notwithstanding, white communities like the one in Los Angeles that defeated a hospital bond issue for Watts did not seem anxious to work for the common good. Negroes saw Mayor Daley in Chicago boasting that he was getting rid of the rats in the ghetto while the ghetto remained. They saw sprinklers on fire hydrants and ten

portable swimming pools as the white largess bestowed to end riots there. Would the next white inspiration be to bus colored children to white hydrants?

"We are trying," President Johnson said, "to meet the poverty situation as we find it with the limited resources at our command."

Were resources in the world's richest country limited by commitments in Vietnam? The President called in Congressional leaders and told them to cut domestic spending because of possible defense increases. But months ago he had promised that the war would not affect domestic programs. Washington had enough money to build—unannounced—in Thailand one of the largest airfields in Southeast Asia. Still it could not rebuild a ghetto at home.

It is not yet possible to say how Black Power will respond to the continuation of current white policies at home and abroad. It remains primarily a shibboleth, but it certainly will be harnessed politically. If white liberals unselectively lump it with the extreme elements in black nationalism, they will be making the same kind of mistake that Republicans—and Democrats—made when they dismissed the ADA as a bunch of pinkos. Worse. Administration inaction after Canton has raised Southern hopes that stronger defiance of Negro demands and federal law may be possible. The riot-frazzled white Northern mood is increasingly hostile to pending civil rights legislation with its open housing provision. Buried nerves of basic racial prejudice are being exposed; it is gloomy to speculate what the nationwide effect might have been had the murderer of those eight Chicago nurses turned out to be a Negro. All these things will make it increasingly difficult for the responsible proponents of Black Power to work out its destiny in a way compatible with the history of American political minorities and in the process to evolve a definition which, if not noble, is at least "democratic with a small 'd.'"

Black Power is white power, only darker.

SALVAGE ARCHAEOLOGY

Saving the Past from the Present

J. O. BREW

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After a trip up the Nile, Lord Dunsany wrote: "But what I remember most clearly from that journey was a figure carved from green stone in the temple of Luxor, buried nearly up to the waist in the dust of ages; and, as I looked at it seated there, a woman came from a cottage at the back of the temple and threw into the temple over a low wall a basketful of small rubbish, so that I actually saw what it was that buries cities."

That was fifty or sixty years ago. Since then, with modern technology we have improved our methods, immeasurably.

We no longer only bury cities; we rip them up, push them aside and knock them down. And we do these things not only in war but in our peaceful pursuits of urban renewal, multi-purpose reservoirs, autobahns and transcontinental highways, pipe lines, land-levelings for efficient farming, airports, missile ranges, factories, strip mining and an ever increasing number of other good causes. For such purposes the surface of the earth upon which our forebears have lived for hundreds of thousands of years is being constantly revised.

Much of this, though not all, is desirable. We gain by it. The purpose of this article is to draw attention to the things we lose, and to suggest ways by which the losses can be avoided or, at least, minimized.

Man has always speculated about his origins; some part of his thoughts has ever turned toward his creation and the reasons for his being. Even those societies which officially

deny religion honor "folklore" and "cultural orientation" and spend much money and effort to trace their history. The number of people conducting research in archaeology, ethnology and social anthropology in the more advanced Soviet republics is a constant surprise to visitors from the West. The scientific papers coming out of China indicate that the same process goes on there.

So, on whatever side of whatever "curtain" you happen to be, modern life and thought seem to demand a growing knowledge of what man did and built and considered important in the past. Yet our bulldozers and blasting powder continue to rip the very guts out of the past.

What, then, is being done about it? Actually, quite a lot is being done, in the United States and elsewhere. The trouble is that the effort, though extraordinary by comparison with attitudes toward such matters of only a few years ago, is not enough. Recent developments in salvage archaeology and historical conservation are so impressive that to list them invites the danger of lulling the reader into complacency. The next few paragraphs should be read bearing in mind the speed at which both urban and rural landscapes are being reshaped.

Salvage archaeology was probably born early in the century in Egypt when Prof. George Reisner of Harvard University excavated temples and pre-dynastic sites along the Nile in the area to be flooded by the first dam at Aswan. It passed through its adolescence, quite successfully, in the 1920s when Prof. Walter B. Emery, now of London University but then working for the Egyptian Antiquities Service, excavated the sites to be flooded by the second raising of the height of that dam. It came to maturity after the end of the Second World War when engineers freed from combat duties began building dams at home, primarily in the United States and the USSR. The story of the development of salvage archaeology in connection with our Federal River Basin program is worth telling, for it was the first major coordination of archaeologists and historians with construction engineers.

When archaeologists first became aware of the problem, in 1946, the program was well under way. In the Missouri Basin, which occupies one-third of the continental United States, 108 dams had already been authorized and many of them were under construction. Since then, many more have been added. The main stem of the Missouri, in its northern reaches, was to become a series of lakes, and reservoirs were to be scattered wholesale throughout the tributaries. At that time it was estimated that more than 80 per cent of the prehistoric and early historic living areas in the entire basin lay along the river banks and their adjacent bluffs. Every known site of five of the prehistoric northern plains cultures in North and South Dakota was to be flooded by the reservoirs. The largest of these lakes, the one behind the Oahe dam, would at high water be 308 miles long. Some 30 miles downstream was the northern end of the second largest lake, Fort Randall. A smaller check dam, authorized within the year, would flood most of the intervening valley. Other dams had been authorized on major and minor streams, from the Columbia to the Susquehanna. So our river valleys were to become a series of lakes and many thousands of sites would be inundated.

Roads, railroads, cemeteries and towns were to be moved; farmers were compensated for their loss of bottom lands. But no provision had been made for the ancient sites which would be lost. To remedy this oversight in the planning, the Committee for the Recovery of Archaeological Remains was formed, with full cooperation from the National Park Service and the Smithsonian Institution, and much needed financial support from the American Council of Learned Societies. In conjunction with the construction agencies, the Corps of Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation, a scheme was designed and financed by which archaeologists and historians made surveys of the dam sites, the pool areas, the sites of the sometimes very large construction towns, and the borrow pits which are usually extensive since most of the dams are built primarily of earth. Thus the Federal Inter-Agency Archaeological Salvage program in the river basins came into being.

During the last twenty years more than 500 reservoir areas in every section of the country and Alaska have been surveyed and more than 15,000 sites located. Unique and important sites have been excavated and historic buildings recorded by means of photographs and scale drawings. Buildings of great historical value have been moved. The Park Service and the Smithsonian have been the leaders in this program, but they have received extraordinary cooperation from some hundred state and private institutions, working under contracts with the Park Service or on their own. These include universities, museums, state and local archaeological and historical societies. In addition, other federal agencies are participating more and more.

Destruction in the river basins is only part of the picture. Since 1946, an incredible part of our land surface has been worked over and this tendency increases in a geometrical progression. A major highway through a canyon bottom in New Mexico can obliterate six or eight archaeological sites per mile. A pipe line in the same region knocks off one site after another as it cuts through the countryside for hundreds of miles. Atomic energy plants, missile ranges and NASA installations have a positive affinity for areas of concentrated archaeological occupation in the West and the South.

Nor is only the countryside threatened. Peoples of all races in all ages have tended to pick the same kinds of sites for their cities. A big city often stands on an earlier small city, which in turn may be located on top of an archaeological site. The thoroughness with which urban renewal attacks its projects surpasses even that of imperial Rome, and historic buildings go down like thunder. Despite the success of the River Basin program (and losses still occur even there); despite the success in a few states of our highway salvage program; despite the fact that an El Paso Gas Company pipe-line crew now normally includes two archaeologists, monuments of incalculable archaeological and historic interest are being destroyed practically every day in the United States.

Before suggesting what should be done about all this, however, one more example of positive accomplishment should be presented. The past, laid low by progress, is a process by no means restricted to the United States. Even remote areas in Africa and Asia are feeling its effects and will do

so on a rapidly increasing scale for the rest of the century. A case in point is the valley of the Nile. The new high dam, Sadd-el-Aali, south of Aswan, will create a lake more than 300 miles long. It will increase the cultivable land in Egypt by one-third and produce a great quantity of needed electricity. It will also inundate entirely all of the places along the Nile where the people of Nubia have lived for millennia. In this completely desert country, life is possible only along the banks of the river. The human record of at least half a million years was threatened with oblivion under the waters of the new lake.

When it became certain that the high dam was to be built, Mme. Christianne Desroches-Noblecourt, now Curator of Egyptology at the Louvre, in conjunction with the Egyptian Government, brought the crisis to the attention of the International Monuments Committee of UNESCO. Thus began what has turned out to be archaeology's largest single salvage program, and at the same time the world's most extensive example of international cooperation for a cultural (or perhaps any other) project.

Twenty-six countries were involved in the archaeological field work. The activities ranged from intensive reconnaissance to large-scale excavations and included architectural, epigraphic, ecological and photogrammetric studies. The history covered was from the early Stone Age to the modern peoples who have been displaced. Some of the larger countries sent many expeditions and some of these worked for as many as seven years. Eight American universities participated, many of them with more than one expedition at a time, and many working in both Egypt and the Sudan. The American Research Center in Cairo also played an important part.

In addition to the surveys and excavations, a surprising number of the more important Pharaonic temples have been moved to new locations. The most difficult task, and the one that has caught the attention of the entire world, was the raising of the two great rock-cut temples at Abu Simbel. Aside from its significance in historical conservation, the rescue of the two temples, the larger one consisting of eleven chambers and cut 200 feet into solid rock, is an engineering triumph comparable to the building of the pyramids.

In all, twenty-four temples have been scheduled for moving, and much of the work is already done. Four temples have been moved in the Sudan alone. The outstanding achievement in this part of the program in Egypt, aside from Abu Simbel, is the rescue and reassembling of the temple of Kalabsha by the government of West Germany. The ground plan of this beautiful Greco-Roman temple is about the size of Notre Dame. Leslie Greener, an artist on the staff of the Oriental Institute, University of Chicago, says of the reconstruction: "The work has been so beautifully done . . . that the very air of antiquity seems to have moved with the stones."

Many countries which could not send scholars or engineers to aid in the work gave financial support. The fact that both Kuwait and Cambodia made cash contributions indicates how widely the idea is spreading that archaeological and historical remains are important to all the world, not only to the country where they may happen to be. The



United States can be proud of the part it has played in this extraordinary international effort. Generous donations have been made by the federal government from its Public Law 480 funds in Cairo. These are the so-called counterpart funds—Egyptian pounds which have accumulated from the sale of surplus American products, mainly agricultural, which must be spent in the country of origin. They have been applied to both archaeological excavations and the moving of temples.

With respect to the great emergency situation in the United States, it is encouraging to be able to report that interest is rapidly increasing. In particular the federal agencies show a growing responsibility for the archaeological and historical sites which they inevitably encounter in the course of their work. At the annual meeting of the Committee for the Recovery of Archaeological Remains last February in Washington the following agencies were represented by responsible officials: National Park Service, Smithsonian Institution, Geological Survey, Bureau of Rec-

Reclamation, Corps of Engineers, Atomic Energy Commission, Federal Power Commission, Forest Service, Fish and Wildlife Service, Bureau of Public Roads, Bureau of Indian Affairs, the Resources Program Staff and the Office of Management Operations for the Secretary of the Interior, National Science Foundation, National Aeronautics and Space Agency, Bureau of Land Management, Soil Conservation Service, Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service, Department of Housing and Urban Development, Bureau of Mines, Tennessee Valley Authority, and the Science Adviser to the Secretary of the Interior. One private agency was represented: the American Council of Learned Societies. The members of the Committee for the Recovery of Archaeological Remains themselves represent the last-named council and the American Anthropological Association and the Society for American Archaeology.

This is a far cry from the situation twenty years ago, when a plea for historic preservation was indeed a voice crying in the wilderness of constructive destruction. The federal agencies and many of the states have become aware of their obligations in this direction and are, one by one, accepting these obligations. They are not, however, receiving the support they need from state and local agencies nor, in many instances, from Congress.

One of the difficulties arises from the ways in which the money for the various federal agencies and projects is appropriated and spent. The major construction projects of the Corps of Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation in the river basins lie within their own control and, as we have seen above, these are our most successful salvage operations. The licensing regulations of the Federal Power Commission have also been used effectively. Our largest land-owning body, the Bureau of Land Management, is also increasingly doing its part and has instituted a campaign of employing archaeologists in its regional offices. The Atomic Energy Commission has recently assumed responsibility for the survey and salvage of the numerous archaeological and historic sites which lie in the path of its projects.

But that is only part of the picture. In an alarming number of instances, the saving of important cultural sites does not lie within the power of the federal government. The Bureau of Public Roads permits the states to use federal road funds for cultural survey and salvage. However, it is necessary for the individual state highway departments, which spend the money, to give their approval. The Small Watershed program, which has thousands of construction projects in being or in the planning stage, although based on Congressional appropriations to the Department of Agriculture, is actually operated, and the money spent, by county and local bodies. That is also the case with Urban Renewal. The situation in the Land Leveling program is even worse. Although the planning is done by the Soil Conservation Service in the Department of Agriculture, the actual work and expenditure of funds are carried out by private landowners.

Obviously everything of the past cannot be kept, nor should it be. The most important examples of our origins, development and past glories must, however, be preserved, either by retaining the physical sites or by recording them fully before destruction. This can be achieved in many instances only by public clamor. During recent years, victories have been won when people were aroused to protect their local treasures. We must have more of this, but the chances of success will be better if the campaigns are well organized. Surveys for historical values should be made far in advance of construction. Excavations, scale drawings, or the moving of buildings should be scheduled early enough so that construction is not seriously impeded. In many cases—with roads for example—plans can be changed to avoid the historic sites. Historical or archaeological parks can be created, as was done with Pictograph Cave in Billings, Mont., so that the features we wish to save can be made an integral and useful part of the modern development. All this takes thought, planning and vigorous vigilance. It is well worth it, for the records of history are irreplaceable.

"FOOD FOR FREEDOM"

THE PARADOX OF FOREIGN AID

BRUCE J. OUDES

Mr. Oudes became interested in Public Law 480 and its impact while in Africa for three years as U. S. press officer in Dakar, Senegal and Elisabethville, Lubumbashi, Congo.

Only someone with the audacity of Lyndon Johnson could have publicly ignored the fact that the United States, in the past twelve years, has given away or sold cheaply food costing the taxpayer nearly \$25 billion. "I propose," he said in a message to Congress earlier this year, "that the United States lead the world in a war against hunger."

The legislation, originally known as the "Agricultural Trade Development and Assistance Act" Public Law 480 of 1954 (note: trade first, assistance second), has been re-

christened "Food for Freedom." President Kennedy had a program called "Food for Peace," but President Johnson, eager to put his own LBJ stamp on it, thought the name worth changing.

The President and many members of Congress claim that the bill will help make developing countries self-sufficient in food production. The paradox is that while encouraging agricultural growth on the part of the developing nations, we plan to increase our own shipments of food; increased agricultural aid can only mean increased agricultural dependency.

President Johnson proposes to lead the war on hunger by making the poor countries pay the United States more than they had before for the food they desperately need,

And the rate at which he would have them pay would bankrupt many countries before the Malthusian forecast comes to pass (which his food and population experts estimate will be around 1980).

Mr. Johnson has further suggested that to qualify for the right to buy the higher-priced food, these nations should achieve more "self-help"—which seemingly implies that they really haven't made the effort up to now. If they fail to move fast enough, they will be removed from the list of eligible food purchasers.

The bill as eventually applied probably will be somewhat more generous; still, it is enough to make one believe that Congress should consider a second "truth in packaging" law—this one dealing with truth in legislative packaging. The bill ingeniously makes allies of the Congressional supporters of foreign aid and the supporters of farm subsidies—strange bedfellows indeed. Appearing to have the economic development of the poorer nations as its purpose, the hybrid bill equally benefits the U.S. farmer.

At the beginning of this year the Administration was faced with a problem: the huge American food surpluses of the fifties no longer existed. The "Food for Peace" program, under which these products were exported on a subsidized basis, could be allowed to expire at the end of 1966. Thus, all U.S. food to move abroad would do so on a straight commercial-sales basis (no subsidy). The roughly \$750 million worth of food given away annually under "Food for Peace" as emergency relief could be made a part of the regular foreign aid program. It was known that the growing world demand for food had resulted in record United States food exports in 1965 on a commercial basis—nearly \$4.8 billion. Subsidized food exports under the "Food for Peace" program meanwhile had slipped from \$1.7 billion in 1964 to \$1.4 billion last year. The drop was attributed to dwindling stockpiles of surplus food in this country and to a requirement that importing nations pay hard cash for shipping costs. (Under the Administration's new proposals, the U.S. would be able to make dollar loans to cover shipping.) Although the Administration could have let the "Food for Peace" legislation lapse, it was aware of four additional factors:

(1) Farm interests in Congress would object to ending the subsidizing of food exports to those countries that do not have money to pay hard cash and thus need credit.

(2) Congress was going to scrutinize more carefully than usual the Administration's regular foreign aid request. With the "guns or butter" discussion then developing in Congress, it would be unwise to increase the foreign aid request by including the \$750-million famine-relief program.

(3) The "Food for Peace" program, in effect, was a second foreign aid bill. Much of the money that accrued to the U.S. from these long-term, low-interest sales was loaned back to the recipient country for development projects.

(4) Any renewal of "Food for Peace" would be funded easily through "backdoor financing." The Administration would have to worry only about the authorization bill. The actual appropriation of money would come, as in the past, after the fact—in the form of a bill to replenish the funds of the Commodity Credit Corporation, the arm of the gov-

ernment that is responsible for selling domestic agricultural products abroad. The Administration knew that farm interests would support any bill appropriating funds to the CCC; it is the CCC that pays the farmers their subsidies.

The Administration knew that ideally—and in the interest of "tidy" legislation—the aid in "Food for Peace" should be a part of the regular foreign aid bill. But there was never much doubt that the Agency for International Development (AID), the Department of Agriculture and, ultimately, the White House would agree to renew the P.L. 480 program.

AID personnel, realizing that regular U.S. foreign aid had slipped to little more than one-quarter of 1 per cent in the past few years from almost 2 per cent of GNP during the Marshall Plan days, already had launched a program to increase private investment—which, it was hoped, would provide the capital these countries sorely needed, and Congress was not voting.

The President therefore sent to Capitol Hill in January a request to sell \$2.5 billion of food on credit terms—and to give away \$0.8 billion for famine relief. This program falls just \$100 million short of the combined request for regular foreign aid and military assistance. At the same time, in order to replenish our food stockpiles for sales under "Food for Freedom," the Administration embarked on a program to increase our food production. Thus has the U.S. launched itself on a program of giving a double subsidy to about a quarter of our food exports: first at the time of production, then at the time of sale.

In drawing up the rather awkward and complicated "Food for Freedom" package, AID officials apparently made two wrong tactical decisions—both for the right reasons. The first was to tighten the credit terms on which American food is sold to developing nations; the second was to tie these credit terms to those on which development loans are awarded under the regular foreign aid program. The error in tying the credit terms to the foreign aid program is clear when one considers the vulnerability of the foreign aid bill. In recent weeks the Foreign Relations Committee has voted to raise this interest rate from 2.5 per cent to 3 per cent, after having flirted briefly with an interest rate of as much as 4.5 per cent. Another mistake from the standpoint of trying to make "Food for Freedom" as effective as possible was to stiffen the loan terms. Loan terms had previously been as low as 1 per cent or less annually. Now they were to be tied to the rising rate of AID loans. With some firm Presidential pressure, it is possible that Congress might have gone along with a move to reduce the terms of the development loans to match those for food—at least it was worth trying. In short, if AID's purpose was indeed "to aid," it should have reduced the relative price of tractors to the price of wheat rather than raise the wheat price to that of tractors.

Faced with an order from the White House to come up with a "bare-bones" program, AID executives had to count more on their own ingenuity to achieve their objectives than on U.S. funds. They decided that they would put loans for food on a par with other forms of loans so that receiving nations would no longer be able to use the importation of American food as an excuse for letting their agricultural

growth lag behind their industrial growth. This would also have the advantage of appeasing foreign critics who argue that what we call foreign "aid" is really economic imperialism—that America's real interest is to assure itself a permanent food market.

The Administration wrote into the bill a clause which said that all food sales (with a few specified exceptions) for local currency—now about 60 per cent of the P.L. 480 total—are to be phased out by the end of 1971. Trading is to be done instead on a hard dollar basis—which now accounts for less than 10 per cent of the P.L. 480 total. Thus the "foreign aid" and "export subsidy" factors will tend to be reduced gradually. However, since total sales under "Food for Freedom" are expected to increase over the next five years, owing to increased world food needs, total overall aid under this program will also rise, despite the reduction in percentage on a sale-by-sale basis.

What all this adds up to is that AID officials abroad will take a line that goes something like this: "You might as well buy more of your food from us. Our terms aren't as good as they used to be, but they're still significantly better than anyone else's—and this is probably the only way you'll increase substantially your aid from the U.S."

AID officials recognize the necessity of bowing to Congressional pressure for tougher terms. At the same time they *unhappily* are forced to accept the fact that tougher terms mean exacerbation of one of the most serious problems of developing countries: debt servicing. Developing countries are increasingly unable to repay their debts, and this could bring about a crisis in the 1970s. The U.S. balance of payments problem is nothing compared to the developing countries' problem of rapidly diminishing foreign exchange reserves.

The World Bank estimates that the equivalent of about half of foreign aid given by all donor nations annually is quickly returned as repayment on interest and principal. If present trends continue, the Bank estimates that by 1980 all aid will be going into debt servicing—with none remaining for development. Indian Commerce Minister Manubhai Shah said at a recent UN regional Economic Commission meeting that only if donor nations accepted some of the manufactured goods produced by Asian and African factories as "repayment in kind" will these nations be able to meet their debt obligations.

An AID study last year forecast economic setbacks in developing countries unless lending terms are improved. Ignoring its own figures, AID did nothing to postpone the day of financial reckoning. One AID official said: "We had to discount the ultimate effect of a tightening of food aid credit because this debt servicing thing is going to require a massive, special effort of the U.S. Government to solve—perhaps involving the forgiving of a great many loans and calling a new Bretton Woods type of monetary conference agreement. For the present we just have to deal in the realm of the practical."

Congress is, of course, aware of what "Food for Freedom" means domestically. Although presented as part of the Administration's foreign aid package, once it hit the Hill the bill became what it always had been—the private preserve

of the Agriculture Committees of both the Senate and the House. The committees, made up of farm district Congressmen for the most part, are very protective of the bill; only a calamity could induce them to tamper with the \$3.3 billion authorization plum asked for by the Administration.

The amended version of the bill passed the House by 333 to 20 in May. As it stands it cannot but disturb the Administration: now there are political strings and provisions which could curb agricultural export expansion in developing nations. And the wording of the bill is almost mocking in the manner in which it forces the President's term "self-help" into every nook and cranny of the legislation.

Political strings were added in an amendment by Rep. Paul Findley (R., Ill.), which would force many countries to choose between exporting and/or shipping to Cuba or North Vietnam, or buying P.L. 480 food. Administration officials claim there is no precise listing of countries faced with this dilemma, but informed sources estimate the figure to be as high as 50 per cent of all countries now participating in the program. (Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman told the Senate Agriculture Committee recently: "This language [Findley amendment] would set up restrictions upon other countries more severe than the restrictions we impose upon ourselves. We are able . . . to supply food and medicine to Cuba if we determine it is in the national interest to do so.")

President Johnson used the phrase "self-help" repeatedly in presenting the bill to Congress and he defined increased emphasis on both agricultural production and population control as the Administration's "new directions" in foreign aid policy. The House committee accepted his "new directions," writing a series of amendments which would demand that client countries commit themselves to increasing their agricultural production and population control.

One of the amendments would authorize \$33 million to create a "farmer-to-farmer" approach to technical assistance—like the Peace Corps, but run by the Department of Agriculture. Another has to do with birth control. Rep. Paul H. Todd, Jr. (D., Mich.) said that this amendment marks the first time Congress has expressed a clear policy in this area. One committee staff member was astonished that after the House debate not a single opposing voice was heard on the floor.

But some civil service skeptics in the Administration look with disfavor at the slick packaging job. Said one veteran AID official, summarizing the attitude of several of his colleagues: "Self-help—hokey—what do they think we've been doing for the last twenty years? Picking daisies?"

The Economist, meanwhile, chided Mr. Johnson with a story on the program headlined, "Help Yourselves." The suggestion, moreover, appears to have an element of truth. According to one U.S. official, some foreign ambassadors engage in "self-help" kickbacks before the foods ever leave U.S. shores. They do so by electing to be their own agents, and thus become entitled to open bids from food exporters. They reveal the low bid to a "favored" bidder—then divide the profit with him.

More important, all the "self-help" amendments to the President's bill, however well-meaning, will nevertheless be

undercut severely by the changeover to hard currency terms. Under existing local currency programs, most Ruritanian sawbucks accrued by the U.S. are lent back to the Ruritanians for development programs. And these programs are approved, step by step, sawbuck by sawbuck, by AID.

In hard dollar programs, the sawbucks created by the sale of U.S. food in Ruritania never come into U.S. hands. Ruritanians can spend them as they wish, U.S. leverage being exercised only when the entire program with Ruritania comes up for renewal. It is, one AID official has said, for the purpose of retaining as much of a voice as possible in Ruritania's expenditure of U.S. loan funds that our P.L. 480 programs increasingly are being extended for only six months or a year at a time, rather than for longer periods as in the past.

A further word is also necessary about the "self-help" concept. Its meaning in government circles is being expanded rapidly. The United States correctly insists that a developing country use our aid in the most efficient manner possible, committing an adequate amount of its own resources to these joint development programs. The "self-help" term, however, is so vague that its definition can be expanded to justify denying aid programs to countries with a limited amount of trained and educated manpower and thus a limited ability to "absorb" aid. Requirements for "self-help" thus can be used to deny countries programs that would expand their capacity for "self-help." The very idea of development implies expansion of the will of traditional economies to help themselves and aspire to a better life. In limiting ourselves to aiding countries with trained elites who can handle sophisticated USAID programs, we are using "self-help" as a rationale for limiting our own aid efforts.

Another concern of the House is market expansion, particularly for cotton and tobacco (which the U.S. still has in great surplus). Agriculture Committee Chairman Harold D. Cooley, who represents a North Carolina tobacco district, refused to let the bill out of committee until the Department of Agriculture agreed to unfreeze \$250,000 earmarked for promoting U.S. tobacco sales overseas. At the same time, the Department had been under fire for a film it produced to show abroad called *World of Pleasure*, which was about the joys of smoking.

More important, however, are two market-expansion amendments which would limit the ability of countries buying P.L. 480 food to expand their own markets when such activity might compete with U.S. interests. The first, in the guise of a "self-help" amendment, was authorized by W. R. Poage, committee vice chairman, who comes from a cotton-producing district of Texas. It provides that U.S. leverage be used to persuade developing countries to grow food crops on land now devoted to the production of non-food crops in world surplus (read cotton). Poage implies that increasing quantities of the estimated 16-million-bale U.S. cotton surplus (one-third of the world's annual consumption) should be sent to India, and India should then reduce its cotton acreage correspondingly and plant food crops in place of cotton.

Despite its initial appeal as a method of increasing food



production, Poage's idea fails in that it would encourage a permanent Indian deficiency in cotton, and India would be left to hunt for another supply arrangement when U.S. cotton surpluses finally become depleted. Moreover, India and many other nations depend on agricultural crops for precious foreign exchange. To deny developing countries the right to market expansion and to ask them to reduce voluntarily their share of the market is to condemn them to permanent international monetary purgatory.

What most developing countries want the United States to do is curb its own international market-expansion tendencies. This, they say, would be an appropriate gesture of aid. One South Asian ambassador said to an American official not too long ago: "In all sincerity, what we are asking you to do is to guarantee expanding markets for the products of our inefficient industries until they are no longer inefficient."

This basic clash between the haves and the have-nots over market expansion has been a sore point for years. It is important, then, to note how all P.L. 480 legislation, past, present and proposed, helps us to obtain a corner on the market being created by expanding world food needs.

Ruritania is eligible to buy U.S. food cheaply only to the degree that its own food needs are growing. This is to prevent us from interfering with the markets of Ruritania's traditional suppliers. Ruritania, which wants cheap U.S. food badly, often juggles statistics (sometimes at the suggestion of helpful U.S. Embassy officials) to show a false rising need. Furthermore, even when the need is legitimate, the U.S. often ignores its own formula for sharing the enlarged food demand with Ruritania's traditional suppliers—to corner as much of the increased market as possible.

The second noteworthy market-expansion amendment

passed by the House committee reflects U.S. fear of competition from foreign-made products. Under the clause, local currencies in U.S. hands in Ruritania may not be loaned to U.S. businessmen for manufacture of products intended to be exported to this country in competition with American products.

An American official pointed out one phase of AID legislation which—under certain agreements—prohibits developing countries from importing equipment from the United States for “processing rice, wheat, citrus fruits, cotton, oil seeds or dairy products.” There is a procedure which allows AID to get around this rule. “But when they see this provision,” the official said, “it takes quite a bit to convince them we’re serious about this self-sufficiency business.”

Nevertheless, some U.S. agricultural export promoters believe that as African and Asian countries reach some kind of self-sufficiency in agricultural production—if that day ever comes—they will revert to using all available foreign exchange in expanding industrialization; they feel this is the way to reach the 20th century in a generation. But this will mean that these countries won’t remain customers for U.S. foodstuffs on a commercial basis if they can help it; the United States will have done itself out of these foreign food markets.

The President may propose the bill; Congress may legislate it, and business and agriculture may benefit, but the day-to-day business of P.L. 480 is conducted by the State Department, AID and the Department of Agriculture. The Foreign Agricultural Service quietly oversaw the exportation last year of \$6.2 billion in agricultural commodities.

Under the Eisenhower and Kennedy administrations there was also a P.L. 480 office in the White House. But last year the office was abolished, and Richard W. Reuter, President Johnson’s “Food for Peace” director, has been reassigned to the post of Special Assistant to the Secretary of State. Reuter’s new office produces the “Food for Peace/Freedom” annual report and often serves as a mediator between AID and Agriculture—but handles little of the heavy load of administering the act. One AID official predicted that this office will be abolished altogether and its work absorbed by State and AID—“when Reuter decides to accept an ambassadorship.”

Department of State officials often are involved in P.L. 480 negotiations, since these frequently revolve around questions of policy. Sometimes, particularly in the cases of smaller countries, officials at the desk level find themselves obtaining clearance from AID and Agriculture in order to expedite an agreement.

One State Department officer, learning that the new legislation eventually would require all sales to be repayable in dollars, exclaimed: “With what? They (referring to ‘his’ country) haven’t got any foreign exchange. I can see it now. We’ll be involved in a whole series of debt rescheduling negotiations in the seventies.” He shook his head. “They never consider the little countries when drawing up this kind of thing.” The contention that the food legislation was written for India and the few other nations with civil servants who know how to deal with the complexities of U.S. aid—not for the smaller nations—was ex-

pressed repeatedly in interviews in other departments. One State official said: “This’ll mean we have them coming and going. Strictures when they sign an agreement and then more arm twisting when they come around to negotiate debt rescheduling.” An AID man put it this way: “It all boils down to how much ‘clout’ we have when we sit down with some ministers at a table and they have a hole in their five-year development plan they can’t fill. We can waive some restrictions on the condition that they go along with us on other things.”

AID and the Department of Agriculture end up overseeing those aspects of the bill which are most directly related to their respective interests. AID sees that the bill is helping to encourage economic growth within the developing countries; the Department of Agriculture makes sure that the bill is benefiting the farmer. Many different offices within AID deal with P.L. 480 from time to time, but only one office (about thirty people) deals with it on a full-time basis. The corresponding office in the Department of Agriculture is much larger.

This isolation of P.L. 480 from the rest of U.S. aid—“under coordination” in governmentese—has vexed Administration officials for a long time. Many acknowledge that P.L. 480 has always been some kind of afterthought in U.S. policy. “You draw up your regular programs very carefully, and when that’s done you say, ‘Oh, by the way, we can get you some surplus food too,’” said one Bureau of the Budget member. Thus P.L. 480 has been piecemeal (or peace meal, as one punster puts it) in conception, legislation and execution. Now, all that is changing, AID officials say. Since “food aid” is currently about one-third of all U.S. aid, and likely to be more than half before long, they argue that it’s time we understood what it’s all about.

It is surprising how many people in other countries believe that all our foreign commitments are motivated by economic concerns at home. Only recently, in Saigon, a U.S. reporter was told by a Buddhist student demonstrator that Americans are fighting in Vietnam “to test their modern weapons and solve American economic troubles. They bring their surplus farm products to sell in our markets.”

Congress and the Administration are now serving notice to the world that those food “surpluses” no longer exist. This will serve as an important propaganda weapon for the United States. But it is more than the “under-coordination,” “political strings” and “market expansion” that critics find so disturbing; the food-export subsidies are simply inefficient ways of providing aid (except as famine relief).

The “half a loaf is better than none” argument seems indeed compelling. But one cannot help wondering if this bill is really in our own long-term interests. Clearly it helps the farmer—but does it speak well for a country that claims to take a sincere interest in helping the developing countries of the world?

The pitiful fact is that the United States—by changing grants to loans, by demanding hard currency on the loans and making the terms stiffer—would seem to be phasing itself out of the whole business of foreign aid. And this is being done well before the job of developing the poorer countries has even approached any signs of completion.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Death of the Recital

BENJAMIN BORETZ

In the four years since the inauguration of Philharmonic Hall, public musical life in New York has come to be dominated, psychologically if not statistically, by the pattern of events at Lincoln Center. This is particularly evident in the prevalence of the "Festival" strategy, generated by the need to produce large audiences with which to fill expensive and oversized new auditoriums, of inflating the intrinsic appeal of an event by the creation of an associated "occasion"—an "inauguration," "commemoration," or "series." This tendency has done a great deal to exaggerate even further the disparity between large- and small-scaled performance activity; the sheer mass of these port-manteau-events has virtually obliterated public awareness of, for example, individual recitals by any but the most prestigious international celebrities, at the Horowitz-Rubinstein level. At the same time, there has been an accompanying change in the audience from a specifically "musical" orientation to one focusing on "entertainment" in general. As a result, the traditional area of regular music making, which formerly sustained the continuity of performance, is the really neglected aspect of musical activity—far more so, for instance, than events at the "specialist" extreme, which always retain their audience of professionals and, recently, extra-musical intellectuals. And the attrition in the recital world increases as the performers who inhabit it persist in offering the same "obligatory" programs, whose non-appeal is even more exposed in this age of superabundant recording.

As the public relevance of recitals has thus diminished, their professional importance has almost disappeared; for the conservatory education that prepares an instrumentalist for the nonexistent recital vocation is totally inimical not only to his development of an exploratory or serious repertory, whether traditional or contemporary, but also to serious (as distinct from conventionally spectacular, decorative or atmospheric) interpretive approaches. At the same time, whatever marginal professional existence such a performer can achieve depends entirely on his manager's ability to arrange concert tours in the American provinces, where even slightly "esoteric" programs are regarded by local managements as

naked threats to their solvency. As a result, the typical recital performer is not equipped, motivated or managerially permitted to revitalize his repertory or to collaborate—or even come into contact—with those other young musicians, performers as well as composers, whose direct involvement in contemporary developments has begun to generate a new tradition for musical activity at all levels of performance.

By the same token, any promising developments that actually do take place in the recital domain are likely to be overlooked in the course of avoiding the egregious musical steam rollers at one extreme, and of recognizing essential developments taking place at the other. For there are certain performers—some active in "specialist" activities as well—whose qualities are most revealingly projected through their personal deployment of the traditional recital framework. The pianist Charles Rosen, the violinist Paul Zukovsky, the soprano Bethany Beardslee and her accompanist Robert Helps are, as I have on earlier occasions noted here, all performers whose instrumental (or vocal) "personalities" and interpretive insights are individual and broad enough to sustain interest over the span of a program composed of works drawn from a wide range of the existing literature. In this respect, at least, their capacities run counter to the "specialist" trend toward varying ensembles drawing programs primarily from the 20th-century literature, with an occasional earlier work of particular formal or interpretive relevance. Yet they have all, in varying degrees, been victimized by the curious limbo of the recital world whenever they have ventured into it; their programs safely repel any of the concert managers who make up the only remaining regular audience at recitals, and the new-music public tends to stay away out of a somewhat indiscriminate dismissal of "traditional" performances of any kind.

The press contributes significantly to this miasma by maintaining an almost strictly impartial indifference to all recital activity, although one would suppose that, from the press's own point of view, the most consequential musical "news" in any season would necessarily be the advent of a first-rate performer or composition.

During the season that is now well

past, at least two such opportunities for discovery presented themselves in the Carnegie Recital Hall debuts of Paul Jacobs as harpsichordist and of Samuel Rhodes as solo violist. The scarcity of serious virtuoso playing on either of these instruments gave the appearance of performers of the caliber of Jacobs and Rhodes a special musical newsworthiness. Among American harpsichordists, for example, only Fernando Valenti, with his powerful digital command and rhythmic articulation may be legitimately regarded as a performer of major stature; of the others, only Kirkpatrick and Marlowe have been heard consistently, and their technical and musical weaknesses are only made more irritating by their great salon cachet.

Paul Jacobs, on the other hand, has for some years been familiar to new-music (and Philharmonic) audiences as a pianist and musician of extraordinary executive and interpretive capacities; and the transference of his pianistic abilities and musical perceptions to the harpsichord (previously revealed in ensemble performances of Milton Babbitt's *Composition for Tenor and Six Instruments* and Elliott Carter's *Double Concerto*) has produced a rhythmic precision, timbral delicacy and mechanical fluency that provide a completely new sense of the range of the resources available from this instrument. In particular, his performance of Carter's *Sonata for Flute, Oboe, Cello and Harpsichord* (with Thomas Nyfenger, Georges Haas and Robert Sylvester) was an extraordinary realization of the ensemble and rhythmic qualities of the work, all of which derive from the extension of harpsichord sonority and attack through the entire texture, requiring a precision of balance and articulation that I have heard in no other performance.

In other respects, too, Jacobs' program was impressively sophisticated. The idea of opening the evening with the Bach *Four Duets*, whose virtual absence of surface attraction and interior of esoteric relational ideas make perhaps the musician's music of all time, was a notable *coup d'estime*; and the subsequent performance of the Haydn *A-flat Sonata-Divertimento* revealed a remarkable work that was largely unfamiliar even to the professionals present. If the other works on the program were more conventionally recitalistic, Jacobs' spectacular ripping-off

of the complex pyrotechnics of the Bach F-minor Toccata, and the precisely judged sonorities, balances and phrasing of the DeFalla Harpsichord Concerto were displays of sheer instrumental authority and musical savoir-faire that were fascinating not only acrobatically but in the nonchalance with which they virtually dispatched every previous standard of harpsichord performance, in these works and elsewhere.

Samuel Rhodes's recital demonstrated that, even at this early stage of his career, he is a violist on the superior level of such players as Walter Trampler and Abram Loft of his pre-violin days. In fact, Rhodes's evident capacity to draw a consistent amplitude of sound from the viola under every conceivable situation relates him, perhaps even more than Trampler, to a tradition of string performance that has almost disappeared. But this is accompanied by a level of musical cultivation and awareness that is even more exceptional in a musician with this kind of old-fashioned consummate virtuosity. Thus, throughout Rhodes's concert, one was aware of innumerable details of special perception and care, along with the large-scale command of direction and succession: the precise matching, for instance, of viola and piano trills in the opening Bach G-major Sonata, the continuousness of the unfolding of the Stravinsky solo *Elégie*, and especially the security with which the maximal complexities of pitch, rhythm and registral structure were projected in the Brahms E-flat Sonata, Op. 120.

But the focal point of the recital was the first performance of Claudio Spies's *Viopiacem* for viola and keyboard instruments. This work, like Spies's earlier *Tempi* for fourteen instruments (heard on a Fromm Foundation concert last year) is full of penetrating ideas about sonority, registration, continuity, and—especially—the possibilities of multiple articulations of the same segments of (musical) time and space, in which the extension of the viola-keyboard dialogue to piano and harpsichord, first alternately and then simultaneously, is a deeply embedded structural premise rather than simply a presentational novelty. Again, the performance by Rhodes and Richard Goode, the pianist for the entire concert, was a model of intelligence and refinement, qualities that correspond precisely to those of Spies's own compositional thought.

Except for such exceptional recitals, the performance of contemporary music has continued to depend primarily on those composer- and university-oriented groups that have become less the example they initially hoped to pro-

POEM OF NEGRO BOYS I SWAM WITH IN THE MISSISSIPPI SEVEN YEARS AGO

Arms

outstretched,

they leap from the bluff, into

the silt-laden, sun-

flashing swirls

of green water . . . And

as ancient men arise cleansed

from the Ganges fouler than men can be,

they burst up, flapping,

shrilly crying, cauls of burnt

waterdrops all over their bodies

like first feathers!

Torn,

softly irised down

I arrange, now, seven years later, uselessly in a poem.

GALWAY KINNELL

vide for emulation by the rest of the performance community and more the permanent center where most of the activity takes place. Thus the Columbia Group for Contemporary Music took a major step in expanding its activity by presenting a fully staged production of a new opera, Peter Westergaard's *Mr. and Mrs. Discobolos*, as part of its regular concerts. For just as the presentation and acceptance of *Don Rodrigo* as a serious *avant-garde* work, when it was performed at the opening of the New York City Opera's residency at Lincoln Center, revealed what is desperately wrong with opera in this country, so *Discobolos* was one of the best demonstrations we have yet had of what might be right with it.

It is an instance of what results when a compositional sophisticate, with an equivalent awareness of the possibilities of verbal-musical wit and insight, intrudes on the supposedly exclusive domain of the "operatic" fabricators. Indeed, the most striking aspect of *Discobolos* is the thorough superiority of Westergaard's notion of what constitutes a lively and effective music-theatrical conjunction to all the dreary *Rodrigos*, *Susannahs* or *Baby Does* produced by the supposed specialists in the field. More pertinently, *Discobolos* is an opera in the Stravinskian mold, with that kind of verbal-rhythmic vocal-line contouring within stable, slowly changing macro-events; a work, that is, of counterpointed "intervals" of pitch, attack and (dramatic) event-unfolding that creates a multi-dimensional structural richness on the foundation of the purely verbal triologue of the Edward Lear text.

A different sort of local operatic première was given by the Juilliard School Opera Workshop when it produced Roger Sessions' *The Trial of Lucullus* and Hugo

Weisgall's *Purgatory*. This was more in the nature of minimal amends for inconceivable neglect by our major institutes of interpretation: Sessions' work was composed twenty, and Weisgall's ten years ago. It is impossible to conceive that a European composer of Sessions' stature would not have all his operatic works, however mediocre, recondite or impractical, performed by every major opera company. Yet this is precisely the kind of professional self-esteem American musical institutions do not possess; thus, neither the Metropolitan nor the New York City Opera appears to be humiliated by the fact that Sessions' recent *Montezuma*—unquestionably the major operatic work produced thus far in this country—was given its first, and so far only, performance by the Berlin Opera, and that neither of them has ever done a single work of Sessions (or Schoenberg or Krenek, for that matter; while the Metropolitan has the additional distinction of never having presented an opera by Aaron Copland, Hugo Weisgall, Bela Bartók, Paul Hindemith, and a long list of other eminent composers too numerous to mention). Typically, these first New York performances were student productions, with all the orchestral but many fewer of the vocal problems that one expects from student performers. But the memorable aspects of the evening were mainly in the remarkable sets and projections designed for *Lucullus* by Ming Cho Lee (who appears to be something of a genius in such matters, as evidenced also by his setting for *Don Rodrigo*), and the staging of the opera by Ian Strasfogel, which provided solutions in every respect but lighting to the difficult problems posed by the radio-script character of the scene succession.

Purgatory was altogether less satisfactory; it is, by comparison with other

Weisgall operas, rather tenuous, and its representation was often embarrassingly weak. But again, a work of such manifestly serious compositional and dramatic concern should be available to us as a necessary part of our musical self-awareness. That we are consistently deprived of knowing such works—or even, often, that they exist—is one of the most discouraging consequences of our acquiescence in the mass narcosis into which the compulsive audience-builders are converting the remaining vestiges of our musical culture.

I should have liked to be able to comment, at equal length, on the large-scale events of some musical consequence that I heard during the past year. But it ought to be noted, however briefly, that the Carnegie Hall Festival of Visiting Orchestras is exempt from my anti-Festival strictures if only because it provides opportunities to hear some of the important 20th-century orchestral literature that the “major” orchestras simply do not perform. Moreover, there is a certain inherent interest in learning of the quality and kind of orchestral performance being developed in other parts of the country, especially if the programs reflect any special preoccupation or competence of the orchestra or conductor involved.

Of this year's series, it can be reported that the Chicago Orchestra continues to play better than any other in existence, despite a routine conductor. It has a phenomenal ability to turn on at full volume with absolute unanimity and no perceptible accentuation (a resource especially memorable in the Introduction of the Mozart 38th Symphony), as well as a virtuosity in string and wind solo and ensemble playing unequaled elsewhere, which resulted in a probably maximal performance of the Ravel G-major piano concerto, though it was hardly enough to save the Stravinsky *Sacre du Printemps* from Mr. Martinon's dismemberment. The Cincinnati Symphony contributed the first performance of Gunther Schuller's *American Triptych*, which generates many striking ideas of sonority out of the “as if” of supposed analogues to visual structure (notably the translation of the simultaneity of a visual surface into succession on an auditory “field,” with a remarkable evasion of the sense of closure). And the Minneapolis Symphony gave a carefully prepared performance of Elliott Carter's *Variations*, which is undoubtedly the most influential American orchestral work of the post-war period, has been performed in most European capitals, but still awaits a performance by the principal orchestra of Philharmonic Hall.

Pondering the Negatives

THE SECRET SWINGER. By Alan Harrington. Alfred A. Knopf. 235 pp. \$4.95.

KATHARINE TOPKINS

Mrs. Topkins is the author of two novels, *All the Tea in China* (Macmillan) and *Kotch* (McGraw-Hill). Her short stories have been published in *The New Yorker* and other magazines.

There can be no doubt about the high seriousness of Alan Harrington's intention, or the effectiveness of his comic gift, as revealed now in two novels. In *The Revelations of Dr. Modesto* (1955), conformity was pushed to its ultimate absurdity. Hal Hingham sought (and temporarily found) salvation in “Centralism,” a doctrine which delivers happiness by purging the individual of his individuality and sinking him in safe dull middle ground. Now in *The Secret Swinger*, an indecisive nonconformity played out without purpose ends in personal destruction for George Pectin. Both novels explore a tricky question: how can a pallid, underconfident man find a meaningful niche in a meaningless botched-up society?

Pectin is a suffering soul (neither hero nor anti-hero seems applicable) who takes up where Hal Hingham left off. Pectin is in the middle to begin with. A moderately inept New York journalist, at 43 he sees himself as a dreary square, albeit one who aspires to a colorful free-form existence. In a determined effort to transcend his own mediocrity, Pectin decides to confront life, give it a go. Divorce is the first ploy. After some vacillation, he abandons his wife (freshly emerged from a TB sanitarium) and small son. But his anxiety over the rift rapidly changes to irritation when he discovers that his presence is too inconsequential for his absence to be felt.

His wife was brimming over with happiness. She didn't seem worried about the divorce any more. Where do I fit in? George Pectin thought, even though he was going to be free and didn't want to fit in.

Responsibility behind him, George returns to the Greenwich Village haunts of his youth, revisiting those who have bypassed him in the onward and upward struggle. But he finds you can't go home again (particularly when you never really

POEMS OF MAO TSE-TUNG

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lived there to begin with). Next stop: alcohol, drugs, jazz, brawls and an assortment of broad broads — wide-hipped, malevolent earth mothers, available to everyone but George.

In the course of his quest for a slippery, unobtainable Grail, he is alternately put down by uptowners and bullied by bombastic beatniks— “Go on, George, Live!” Those around Pectin seem to be living the abundant life while he is not even fractionally content. “Go mad, save yourself!” Muchnik the poet tells him, and George feels “an ancient and savage logic penetrating to the center of his being.” The only sensible refuge for modern man, it would seem, is the re-creation of a world that orbits on irrationality. Madness crusts over the pain. Indeed, throughout his odyssey, Pectin retains an unresolved awe for those either strong enough or foolish enough to overplay their lives into a kind of frenetic hyperbole—Bill Genovese, courtier of death; Gretchen, who prefaces *Bed with the Scriptures*; Muchnik, “who fills the doorway with an exuberant hairy holiness.”

Serena, a hipsterette whom Pectin meets at a Village party, finally gives him the word: what he really is is a secret swinger. George receives this insight with the childish delight of a prospective Little Leaguer who has made the team. Ultimately, a murky kind of self-acceptance comes to

him, culminating in extinction the hard way—a literal retreat to the womb.

The Secret Swinger is, at least in part, satiric fantasy. But just how far are we to go with its characters as real believable creations who might reasonably be encountered in life? Their names—Pectin, Serena, Muchnik—and the grotesqueries they enact steer firmly toward allegory, but there is a façade of realism that muddles the basic design.

Certain facts which would contribute to our understanding of George Pectin are conspicuously absent. For example, we are taken on a sentimental journey back to his roots and antecedents on the occasion of the death of his grandparents. The information is necessary and evocative: through it we understand that the last vestiges of authority and familial tradition are now removed from George. He is on his own, out of the nest, but he has neither wings nor destination, and these are among the factors that precipitate a nervous breakdown. But it is not until George is institutionalized, and a staff doctor casually asks whether he would like to be visited by his parents (no, thank you) that we are led to ponder just what their role in George's saga is or was. The parents remain inscrutable, however, since they are not discussed again.

Perhaps the ambiguities are deliberate; they are also frustrating. In one incompletely explained fragment, Serena injects a mysterious fluid into a pear which she then gives George to nibble. The pear somewhat alters his vision of the world and, indirectly, his exodus from it. It would be helpful to know the general category to which this potion belongs—narcotic? aphrodisiac? private magic? placebo?

None of these objections gainsay the fact that *The Secret Swinger* has pace, originality and humor. In the section called "Trains," George Pectin buttonholes his fellow travelers in the club car and tries to "talk out" his plight and find a justification for his desertion of his family:

George: . . . So I wrote her a letter to precede my visit. The coward's way, perhaps. Cutting off the dog's tail by inches. . . . But it's not so easy to be courageous when you're about to injure a fine woman.

Man Wearing Polaroids: That right?

George: Why do you suppose a man wants to be destroyed?

Polaroids: Beats me.

Harrington prefaces *The Secret Swinger* with a passage from Hermann Hesse's *Steppenwolf*:

Now there are times when a whole generation is caught . . . between two ages, between two modes of life and thus loses the feeling for itself, for the self-evident, for all morals, for being safe and innocent.

Perhaps we are to infer that the genuine protagonist of *The Secret Swinger* is the modern generation which, whether it opts for excess or abstention, fails to find an acceptable identity. If this is so, then we can forget about Lonesome George, the troubled individual, and accept him instead as a representative of a lost generation, straddling two sides of a chasm. The trouble is that every generation seems to be precariously positioned and "lost" to its writers, and the differences between the various modern eras become more those of life style than basic temper. The chasm is there and it becomes merely a question of which side we tumble from. The fall

is inevitable and the bottom is the same.

Even those figures in the novel who most resist oblivion are swallowed up in its nihilism. A love of life in and of itself is not enough to deliver us. Witness George's grandfather:

The mystery of his passing lay perhaps in the fact that the sad event produced not the slightest mystery. His last hour offered no hope, consolation, or relief. It left everyone with a feeling of emptiness and sorrow and a series of negatives to ponder.

The same might be said of *The Secret Swinger*.

Violence of the Dreamer

FERTIG. By Sol Yurick. Trident Press. 344 pp. \$5.95.

MARTIN TUCKER

Mr. Tucker is a member of the English Department at Long Island University and is the co-editor of a three-volume reference work, *A Library of Literary Criticism: Modern British Literature* (Frederick Ungar).

Sol Yurick's first novel, *The Warriors*, centered on one teen-age thug's dream to unite all the youth gangs of New York City. The dream is blasted within the first half of the novel, and the remaining half traced in brilliant strokes the retreat—both physical and spiritual—of the teen-age heroes who had tried to go along with the dream.

Yurick's second novel, *Fertig*, deals with a grown man who has given up dreams. He is an accountant—anonymous, satisfied with his vague discontent, willing to accept what he has and has not. When, however, his only infant son dies, Fertig takes on a dream. This son had been born late in the lives of both his wife and himself, and since he holds society responsible for his terrible loss, he decides to make a violent and gratuitous protest. He murders seven people who were connected with the hospital which refused admittance to his son.

Again, as in his first novel, the vision, or Fertig's visionary protest, is described and completed within the first half of the book. The remaining portion is devoted to a discussion and examination of Fertig's motives, and the consequences of his act on others. The most spectacular change takes place in Fertig's dowdy and frigid wife, who blossoms into a well-dressed, well-coiffed and well-sexed female, largely on the publicity and proceeds she receives from *Life* magazine for her "story."

Fertig's major disciple, his Judas whom he saves at the end of the novel, is Roy Bleakie, a flashy lawyer and son of a famous judge. Bleakie is out to use Fertig's case as a stepping stone to political power. But it is he alone who understands Fertig's act as the message of a man who has seen a whole system in error and means to shame an entire society—as the rational act of a madly inspired man.

Yet it is Bleakie who perverts Fertig's cause into his own personal crusade. And it is Fertig, again the victim, but this time a willing one, who accepts the manacles of a lunatic on his way to the institution for the criminally insane.

Fertig's crime is used and abused by other characters: Heisenberg, the psychiatrist, thinks he can save society by analyzing and confining Fertig; Grinzing, the writer and sociologist, hopes to become another Zola to Fertig's Dreyfus; Jeffries, the judge, is determined to undo the permissive influence of psychology on law. It is part of the brilliance of Yurick's perceptions that these characters make sense—even when they are spouting nonsense—and that Fertig's protest continues to put in question the humanitarian ethics of a "liberal" society.

There are flaws however. Yurick's reliance on violence was justified in his first novel in the characterization of teen-age thugs. In Fertig's world the violence and four-letter words often seem excessive and forced, particularly in that section describing Bleakie's vacation—and his mammoth sleeping trysts with half a dozen beauties in half a dozen countries.

Then again, since Fertig wants to be caught, the novel after his capture becomes largely a dialogue of various points of view. The limitations of such a "talkie" novel are immediately apparent, and

sometimes Yurick fails to surpass them. In spite of his inventiveness, parts of the novel are static.

Yet the impact of the book is tremendous. Indeed, Fertig and Bleakie could well be termed modern counterparts to Dostoevsky's inspector and Ras-kolnikov. Yurick is not much of a philosopher. But he is something as powerful—a naysayer in the Melville tradition, a nihilist seeking faith in the Dostoevsky manner. Redemption in Dostoevsky came with a faith in a Christian-Judaic God; in Melville, acceptance of ambivalence through an intellectual

truce restored the balance of his mind. In Yurick's novel the air is darker and heavier, the questions left unresolved. Yurick has not been able to invest a sympathetic tone to any character; even Fertig is too much a *nebbish* madman, a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde split to draw the reader intimately to him, and the other characters are bespotted with foulness. Yet the fact that Yurick, an often brilliant stylist and a rational man, ends his novel in futility rather than penance, is proof of the author's contemporary voice. He is one of the new American writers to watch.

His success with the country-club golfers, the pseudo-Negro who is really a white man working on a behind-the-scenes Negro piece, the Southern ladies who outlive their men by fifty years and 35,000 hearty meals, the Negro boy butler who falls "sappily" between Negro and white styles of living, are triumphs that suggest that Percy's power is in the reaction against the naturalistic, the half-comic half-horrified reflection of the naturalistic through a whimsical temperament.

But, how are we to take the apparently sincere love the hero feels for his brainless Chi Omega, and how are we to reconcile it with other graver, deeper pronouncements of his? The phrase "holding her charms in his arms" recurs enough to evoke in us the faintly sickish sensation we hope Percy intends, but we cannot believe that Normal Love and Life are exclusively Kitty Vaught. And how are we to reconcile the unforgettable and deeply moving death of Jamie with the ease with which he gets into college a few months before, apparently in one day, without medical examination, without the usual clutter of transcripts, applications, etc.? Trivial criticism indeed, but this inconsistency of vision mars the novel's dreamlike (though never nightmarish) logic.

Percy's writing is strangely similar to the highly gifted but rather hallucinatory pieces of Janet Frame: the more closely one looks at each sentence, each glimpse of a detail or image, the more hypnotic is the spell; but when one stands back for a larger view something has failed. Between Percy's main character and his excellent walk-on people there is an unhappy wasteland of secondary

Gentleman Without a Past

THE LAST GENTLEMAN. By Walker Percy. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 409 pp. \$5.95.

JOYCE CAROL OATES

Miss Oates is assistant professor of English at the University of Detroit. She is the author of *By the North Gate*, *With Shuddering Fall* and the forthcoming *Upon the Sweeping Flood* (all Vanguard), and her stories have appeared in the *Kenyon Review*, *Mademoiselle*, *Transatlantic Review* and *Virginia Quarterly*.

Walker Percy's second novel, *The Last Gentleman*, is altogether richer and more intriguing than his first, *The Moviegoer*, which won him the National Book Award in 1962. It is a highly whimsical kind of picaresque tale that puts one in mind of both Faulkner and Camus, though only peripherally: the Faulknerian concern for the South, the "problem" of the South, the land, the engaging domesticity of a past tradition however past, and above all the traumatic suicide of a philosophically inclined father; and the floating, detached, "Existential" world of Camus that is rendered to us through the amnesia-plagued hero who cannot quite connect but who advances no titanic anguish because of his condition.

Percy's moviegoer was a man of a modern sort, addicted to public, commercial fantasies, and trying however numbly to break through to "reality"; his "last gentleman" is clearly kin, represented as he is by his telescope and his attachment to both love and death in an attempt to find his destiny, a man in whom something is mysteriously missing. The dissociated hero, subject to distressing attacks of *déjà vu* that render all reality suspect, taken up by an upper-middle-class Southern family of a comic-page type, in love with a pretty cipher of a girl, is a recognizable fictional type: a

man without a soul, without an essence because he is without a sensible environment or past.

The young hero encounters a dying boy and his family, and the bulk of the novel concerns his being companion to and rendering up to the dying boy the attention that the dignity of death demands. The death of Jamie, which finally occurs in the concluding pages of the novel, is the central event of the work but it is not a very important event, strangely enough, because it works so obviously as a symbol, as theme. Percy's use of the naturalistically approached and staged death is out of keeping with his lovely and brilliant whimsy. This novel is one no critic should want to snipe at, for it is rare to encounter a work engaging in nearly every line; but Percy's strength simply does not extend to the naturalistic. Or perhaps it is beyond the naturalistic.

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characters who just do not work. Percy can handle language as sheer language in a way strictly his own, though at times parodied-Faulkner, but as one starts moving out to larger units like the paragraph and the chapter, something is missing. The crankish and quackish journal of a discredited doctor ("We are doomed to the transcendence of abstraction and I choose the only reentry into the world which

remains to us. What is better than the beauty and exaltation of the practice of transcendence . . . and of the delectation of immanence . . . lewd love?") becomes quite important near the end of the novel, but it is to be hoped that Percy is not advancing Dr. Vaught's verbose Lawrentian theology with any more seriousness than he is advancing the novel's other fragmentary concerns.

Theatre: New England

JULIUS NOVICK

The Charles Playhouse in Boston, which will begin its tenth anniversary season in September, is the oldest of the five resident theatres in New England; until about three years ago, it was the only one. Its artistic director, Michael Murray, grew up in Washington and knew the work of the Arena Stage, but when he and Frank Sugrue (a lawyer who is now the theatre's full-time managing director) began their operation in 1957, they were, says Murray, "off-Broadway oriented." At that time there were a few isolated resident theatres here and there across the country, but little or no sense of a "movement"; it was off-Broadway that was going to revitalize the American theatre. (How long ago that seems!)

In the spring of 1963, however, the Ford Foundation sent Murray and Sugrue off to Washington, Houston, San Francisco and Minneapolis to take a look at the Arena, the Alley, the Actor's Workshop and the Guthrie Theatre; it was then that the Playhouse began to bill itself as a resident professional theatre. Recently it has given up casting each production from scratch; it now has a resident company of about twelve Equity and seven non-Equity actors; the latter are used for the high school touring program and the afternoon children's shows, as well as for small parts in the major productions. Even in the old days, of course, the Playhouse used to employ certain performers over and over again; it was founded with a nucleus of actors from Boston University. But now there is much more emphasis on the idea of a company; and the high school and children's programs, both fairly new, indicate that the Playhouse will in future look upon itself, as do most resident theatres, as a wide-ranging community institution.

The Charles presents the solid, standard resident-theatre repertory of plays. *The Miser*, Anouilh's *Poor Bitos*, *Major Barbara*, Brecht's *Galileo*, *The Inspector*

General and Murray Schisgal's *The Tiger* and *The Typists* were this season's productions; next year Murray and Sugrue will take a few more chances, and offer *Love for Love*, *The Balcony*, *Hamlet*, *Mother Courage* and *Oh! What a Lovely War*.

In *Galileo* there were good supporting performances by Edward Zang and Edward Finnegan, Charles Playhouse stalwarts whom I remember from my student days around Boston in the late 1950s. But some of the other performances were hopelessly bad, and Murray's staging took very little advantage of the opportunities for theatrical flamboyance that Brecht provided in this as in so many of his plays.

As an ensemble effort the Boston *Galileo* was mediocre, but it was redeemed—almost transfigured—by the star performance (in the best sense) of Tony Van Bridge in the title role. Someone in the play says of *Galileo*: "He has more enjoyment in him than any man I ever saw. He indulges in eating, drinking and thinking to excess." Not many actors could live up to that description, but Mr. Van Bridge gave us a joyously sensual man and a keenly intelligent one, for whom food and wine and science all provided the same kind of deep, visceral delight.

I saw *Galileo* before embarking on my Western journey; when I returned to Boston, the Playhouse was doing *The Tiger* and *The Typists*, Murray Schisgal's pair of short two-character plays, under Michael Murray's direction. They are slight works, and not very entertaining unless the actors come through with zany but accurate caricatures of middle-class urban types—the kind of people one sees on the subways. In Boston, only Lynn Milgrim's typist was extravagant and specific enough. The rest of the acting (even Miss Milgrim's performance in *The Tiger*) was pleasant and professional, but too bland and general, without the necessary relish for idiom and milieu. Interestingly enough, *Galileo* and *Poor Bitos*, two "talky" his-

torical plays, were the box-office hits of the season at the Charles; Schisgal's easy-to-take, close-to-home little plays did less well.

Since July, 1963, when David Wheeler started the Theatre Company of Boston, the Charles has had a rival. The newer company is the smaller (226 seats as against 525; a budget of about \$80,000 as opposed to \$350,000), and, by deliberate design, the further out. The Charles has done all the conventional *avant-garde* playwrights — Brecht, Ionesco, Genet, Beckett, Pinter — but the Theatre Company calls itself "the only professional resident theatre company in the United States that is firmly committed to the new and the experimental." It has done its Pinter (I saw a decent production of *The Birthday Party* there), and its Beckett, just like everybody else, but it has also done a good deal to live up to its claim.

Last year it gave the American premiere of *Live Like Pigs*, John Arden's play about a group of Gypsy-like tinkers and their catastrophic impact on a housing development—about, in other words, the wild instinctual life in conflict with the necessary restraints of civilized living. The production did so well in Boston that it was moved to an off-Broadway theatre in New York, where it was again a success; it was also the first presentation of any John Arden play in New York. It was a respectable, but not a good production; the characters tended to come out smaller, tamer, more ordinary and less vivid than Arden had written them.

This spring, with the aid of \$10,000 from the Rockefeller Foundation, the Theatre Company presented a "Festival of New Plays": eight plays (mostly one-acts) by nine American authors (one play was a collaboration), grouped into four bills, presented for two weeks each. The playwrights included one from off-Broadway (Adrienne Kennedy); three from off-off-Broadway (Sam Shepard, George Denison and Rosalyn Drexler); two novelists (Miss Drexler and John Hawkes); one poet (Lawrence Ferlinghetti); and three other writers whose names were previously unknown to me: Geoffrey Bush and Andy and Dave Lewis.

Here we come up against a problem for which I can offer no solution. Clearly the American theatre needs new playwrights; clearly the resident theatres could perform a tremendous service by helping to develop them. Yet people do not want to see new plays: the Theatre Company does close to 50 per cent of capacity (which is its break-even point) when it presents Pinter or Brecht, but only 25 to 30 per cent when it does new plays. Sunday matinees are traditionally

ill attended, but at one during the festival there were only twenty-one people in the audience. And after seeing *The Wax Museum* by Mr. Hawkes and *The Investigation* by Mrs. Drexler, I could only congratulate those who stayed away.

The Wax Museum is one of those plays in which two characters swap identities; it ends as it began, only with a different girl fondling the wax statue of a Mountie which she calls George. The play was feebly whimsical and feebly nasty; it seemed to need, though not to deserve, a livelier, more imaginative staging than Mr. Wheeler gave it.

In *The Investigation*, a detective has sex-and-violence fantasies which horrify a young prisoner accused of rape and murder. If only there had been some point to it all, it might perhaps have horrified the spectators, or even amused them. (Mrs. Drexler displayed a pleasantly corny turn of phrase in her musical comedy *Home Movies*, which was transferred from the Judson Church to a regular off-Broadway house; *The Investigation* has some of the same quality.) But the play rambled self-indulgently here and there as its author's vagrant fancy took it; nothing seemed to be done for any reason, and very little was good enough to be its own excuse for being. Are plays like these really worth presenting to the public? And if there are better ones, where are they?

The Trinity Square Playhouse in Providence, now preparing for its third season, includes one new play on its regular schedule every year. Otherwise its program is conventional and solid: during the season just past it presented *The Crucible*, *Tartuffe*, *The Balcony*, *Twelfth Night*, *Long Day's Journey* and *Playboy of the Western World*. Except for its Shakespeare matinees, which played to 40,000 high school students in a huge ex-vaudeville house downtown, Trinity Square is a small-scale operation, with a budget of only \$125,000 and only 1,865 subscribers for this past season; its regular performances take place in the parish hall of a church.

Playboy in Providence was rather an in-and-out affair. A talented, beautiful girl named Katherine Helmond was spirited and lyrical as Pegeen Mike, who can't find anyone in her little Irish village worth marrying; William Neary, a stocky, curly-haired youth with a nice smile, might someday play the *Playboy* very well, but was whiney and overcute on this occasion; the supporting cast had its moments, but was on the whole not authoritative. Need I add that the intentions of the men who run Trinity Square are of the best, and that with other productions they may have come far closer to realizing these intentions?

BETWEEN THOREAU AND ME

"We are a race of tit-men,"

says Thoreau

and the titlark

that sings to him

sings to me.

"This is a delicious evening,"

he says to himself

putting aside his flute

"when the whole body

is one sense" —

which probably means

he desires nothing

but himself —

not even tangerines

like those

Walt Whitman breaks

his silence with.

"Thoreau," he roars

as the juice of the tangerine

glistens in the surf of his beard,

"Thoreau,"

the wave of his hand

echoes,

"dying

doesn't seem

to have hurt him a bit."

Ah!!

SAUL TOUSTER

Before he established the Hartford Stage Company in Hartford, Conn., Jacques Cartier considered five or six cities as possible sites for his theatre. The younger breed of resident-theatre directors have no particular commitment to the cities in which they happen to find themselves; either they have been fished out of the New York talent pool by some board of directors in the hinterlands, or else, like Mr. Cartier, they have calmly chosen a city they considered suitable, and gone to work. (But the old theatres, which were started and which are still run by local zealots, are no more "regional" in their orientation than the new ones.)

Cartier raised \$100,000 from private contributions, found a building downtown that he could get for a nominal rental, converted it into a pleasant theatre with a thrust stage, and opened for business in April, 1964. He quickly found his audience; this past season his theatre operated at over 90 per cent of capacity, which means that hundreds were turned away. The problem is that the Hartford Stage Company has almost the smallest auditorium of any resident theatre, seating only 225 people. Even though Car-

tier's budget this season was just over \$200,000 — modest by resident-theatre standards, and by any standards when you consider that he produced eight plays on it — he still ended the season with a \$35,000 deficit. But relief is in sight: a 750-seat theatre, costing around \$1.5 million will be built for the HSC in a new Community Arts Center.

Cartier's statement of purpose is a very sound but quite general one, to which, I think, most of his colleagues in other cities would subscribe: "I would like to expose people here in Hartford to points of view about life, about people, that they don't find themselves exposed to ordinarily."

This purpose, however, was but indifferently served by the Hartford Stage Company's production last winter of *The Importance of Being Earnest* (staged by a guest director, Mel Shapiro). The two young heroes, as played by Henry Thomas and Paul Weidner, were exquisitely polished Wildean men about town; the resident theatre needs more of that kind of stylishness. But on this occasion these actors needed less of it; so exquisitely polished were they that they managed to convey a profound lack of interest in anything that was going on—an attitude that is always quick to spread from the stage to the audience. Period style, even for a

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play where languor and detachment are so appropriate, does not necessarily involve such a dampening lack of energy.

Twelfth Night at Hartford, on the other hand, had just the consistent professionalism that resident-theatre productions, of period plays especially, tend to lack. In such productions there are frequently several performers in important roles who cause the play to die a little every time they open their mouths; here only a servant or two, seen little and heard less, ever let down the side.

The outstanding talent at Hartford, however, so far as I could see, is the designer John Conklin. The orthodox way to design for a thrust stage is to use just a few carefully chosen, meaningful props or scenic units, and leave the rest to the costuming and the audience's imagination. Conklin creates the kind of elaborately pictorial effects usually associated with the proscenium stage (and often thought outmoded even there), yet his settings are carefully planned with the necessities of the thrust stage in mind, and seem to be perfectly at home on it.

It is still not easy to start a resident theatre, says Zelda Fichandler (the doughty pioneer who founded the Arena Stage in Washington sixteen years ago), but nowadays, she says, "you can skip the first ten years." This has been the experience of the Long Wharf Theatre in New Haven, a flourishing, busy, successful institution, showing every sign of stability and permanence, that celebrated its first birthday this July. Long Wharf is not quite typical of the newer resident theatres—it has come too far too fast for that—but it is a model for the future. It shows how much a couple of assiduous and clever young men can accomplish in

a short time in these days of "cultural explosion."

Harlan Kleiman, the executive director of Long Wharf, is a Brooklyn boy with a master's degree in industrial administration from Yale; by special permission, he earned a number of credits toward his degree by taking courses at the Yale Drama School. Jon Jory, the theatre's artistic director, is the son of the actor Victor Jory. The younger Jory began acting in summer stock as a child; after college he spent two years as an actor at the Cleveland Play House, two years in the army directing plays for Special Services and two years studying playwriting at Yale.

They decided to locate their theatre in New Haven by a process of elimination; they thought it had possibilities as a theatre town and, after all, it was where they were. "Then," says Kleiman, "the speling started." It was the fall of 1964; Jory was 26 and still a graduate student at Yale; Kleiman was 24 and unemployed. They had successfully run a season of summer stock in a small town near New Haven, but neither had any professional reputation and neither had local connections. And they proposed to raise \$125,000 in the New Haven area to give the city something called a resident professional theatre.

"At no time during the first four months of this saga," says Kleiman, "did I ever ask anybody for money." Who would trust a couple of kids that nobody had ever heard of? They talked to 250 or 300 people in those early months, telling them about their plans and asking them two questions: "Can we use your name?" and "Will you give us names of other people who might be interested?" One of Kleiman's maxims is "Always use people to get other people."

Meanwhile, after scouring New Haven for a site, they reluctantly decided to locate in the new Long Wharf Terminal Market. It was cut off from the rest of New Haven by the railroad tracks on one side and the Connecticut Turnpike on the other. But there was no alternative, and the partners made up their minds to set up shop in a long, low, unadorned modern building, other sections of which were tenanted by the Ideal Printing Company, the Kahn Meat Company and the Lamberti Sausage Company. It turned out to be an ideal site for the automotive age: plenty of parking and easy access from the Turnpike without fighting city traffic.

Meanwhile the tiring job of raising money went on. The partners made some 700 appearances at parties and club meetings; until the theatre opened, they had never less than two speaking appearances

a day between them, and sometimes as many as six. According to Jory, people began to think, "These are interesting and dedicated boys, and they shout and scream so much that they should have a chance to do this."

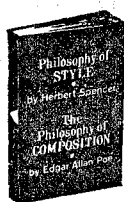
In late April, work began on turning a slice of the Terminal Market into a theatre with a good-sized 25' by 28' thrust stage and 441 seats (picked up cheap from an old New Jersey burlesque house—another Kleiman coup). The first subscription drive began in early May. Four productions were announced for an eight-week summer season: *The Crucible*, Behan's *The Hostage*, *Little Mary Sunshine*, and Peter Shaffer's double bill, *The Private Ear* and *The Public Eye*.

The first performance was on July 6, 1965. In ten months, Jory and Kleiman had raised \$122,000 (out of the \$137,000 they found that they needed for capital expenses) and founded a theatre.

The summer season played to more than 99 per cent of capacity, and broke even. It ended on August 29; on October 22 the eight-play winter season began. It presented works by Sean O'Casey, Ben Jonson, Gilbert and Sullivan, Euripides, Noel Coward, Chekhov, Sheridan and O'Neill. The winter season attracted 84,760 people (over 85 per cent of capacity) and came within an eyelash of breaking even again.

All of which leaves us with the old, nagging question: "Are the productions any good?" and the old, nagging answer: "On the whole, up to now, not very." (My generalizations are based on the eight productions—out of a possible total of thirteen—that I have seen at Long Wharf to date.) It has seemed as if Jory, who has done most of the directing, and David Hager, who has designed most of the sets, have not learned how to use their big stage; several productions have seemed to wander around uncomfortably on it. And while Jory is an inventive director, he has tended to overuse his creative powers, and not trust the playwright.

The best of the Long Wharf productions I saw was *The Hostage*, held over from last summer. "The action takes place," said the program frankly, "in the Long Wharf Theatre which is got up as an Irish brothel." Before the play began, the actors roamed the theatre, ad-libbing in their own persons. ("I'm the oldest juvenile in the business," one of them assured me.) During the intermissions, rock 'n' roll came over the loud-speakers, and the actors danced with the spectators. The performance was full of bits, improvisations and frank recognition of the audience; every night some member of the public sitting in the first row was



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handed a freshly opened beer by one of the actors. The tenderness in the play, the ripening relationship between the captured British soldier and the Irish servant girl, suffered lamentably, but there were plenty of compensations; this was a play made to be improvised on. But O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars*, Coward's *Hay Fever* and Sheridan's *The Rivals* were partially disfigured by overelaborate staging and by broad, styleless, sometimes actively annoying acting.

In almost every production, however, there was at least a performance or two worth remembering. In *The Plough and the Stars* and in *The Trojan Women* I was greatly impressed by Eda Reiss Merin, a middle-aged lady with a hoarse voice and a dumpy body and tremendous warmth and passion. In *The Rivals*, the two pairs of young lovers were more or less washouts, but the production was redeemed by the boobs and rubes who surrounded them. Walter Rhodes (who had been well-nigh intolerable in *Hay Fever*) was wildly hilarious, mugging and gagging and carrying on uncontrollably, taking over the play every time he came on as the rustic suitor Bob Acres.

Most resident theatres operate only from October to April or May; Long Wharf is one of the few to run a full summer season as well. This summer, Jory and Kleiman are producing a "Summer Premiere Festival": four productions of new plays in eight weeks. All the plays but one are new works from playwrights associated with the theatre: the exception is *The Happy Haven* by John Arden, which will have its American premiere at Long Wharf in August.

The summer season opened with a double bill of plays by David Kranes. We might have been spared the first of these, *The Loon Hunt*, an exercise in portentous whimsy which deals with yet another prosperous suburbanite whose life is a sham because he never finished writing his novel. The whimsy comes in because the hero insists on playing elaborate cute games (no hanky-panky, however) with a fatiguingly ardent and pure-hearted 16-year-old baby sitter. The second play, *I'm Nobody*, deals with a girl brought up in isolation and passivity who, on her own for the first time, picks up a young man. It has a number of boggy soft spots, but it also has some good pathetic comedy and some viable straight pathos. Done badly it might be maddening, but at Long Wharf I was gradually but firmly drawn in by Margaret Cowles's grave and beautiful performance. Naive ingénues tend to drive me up the wall, but Miss Cowles captured a very rare quality: absolute candor, absolute innocence, totally without coyness.

The two plays were given excellent

productions, with atmospheric and serviceable settings by David Hager, and direction by Jory that strengthened the plays without distracting attention from them. Perhaps director and designer have finally taken the measure both of their stage and of themselves.

For next year, Jory and Kleiman have a \$50,000 grant from the National Council of the Arts (which disburses United States Government money) to improve the quality of their productions. Within five years, they hope to move into a new building in—surprise!—a new cultural center in downtown New Haven. It will have a 1,200-seat main auditorium, and an experimental theatre seating 600. Quantitatively, Long Wharf is doing better than well. Qualitatively, there is at least reason to hope.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The European double bill, *Good Times*, *Wonderful Times* and *Joseph Kilian*, is probably the most interesting movie fare available in New York these summer weeks; of the two, the latter is the more engrossing. A Czechoslovak production jointly directed by Pavel Juracek and Jan Schmidt, it is a kind of comic Kafka with overtones of Samuel Beckett (for that matter, a good deal of Beckett is comic Kafka). The story concerns a young man who borrows a cat from a cat-lending agency and who discovers, when he comes to return the pet, that the establishment has unaccountably disappeared. The bulk of the film concerns his efforts to break through the indifference of bureaucracy in order to dispose properly of his charge before the fees and penalties for overdue cats wipe out his very small capital. There is said to be a man, Joseph Kilian, who can adjudicate in such cases (he might be a Communist ombudsman), but one always learns where he was to be found yesterday.

The film is played in a wonderfully effective mood of quiet rationality; all the scenes, all the encounters suggest an egg-fragile sanity that never quite cracks (not even when the young man solemnly opens a sardine-can shaped container of cat food and removes by its tail one preserved mouse). One's eyes tell one that everything on the screen is perfectly normal, while one's mind insists that the proceedings are quite mad—and that the madness will spread: as the film ends, another young man is to be seen leaving a café with a cat under his arm.

I cannot imagine how the citizen's en-

counter with the total state could be more effectively, if cheerfully, lampooned; it speaks well for Czechoslovakia's own bureaucracy that we have been permitted to see the picture.

For *Good Times*, *Wonderful Times* Lionel Rogosin has brought together memorable, shocking and for me, at least, entirely new footage from World War I, the Hitler archives and the nuclear bombing of Japan. He interleaves these with conversations picked up by an eavesdropping camera at a London cocktail party attended by physically lardy and intellectually caddish types. A scene is also recorded with a group of Queen's pensioners, withered and palsied old soldiers who recall the "good times, wonderful times," and urge the narrator to put his own son in the army: "It'll make a man of him."

The intention, of course, is to show what wicked nonsense we talk by juxtaposing the overheard remarks with the documentary evidence that relates to them. I salute the intention, but as here phrased it seems to me largely irrelevant. Rogosin's cocktail-drinking stooges utter such extravagantly coarse remarks—war is a way of containing the population explosion; the army offers a man ideals he can define and meet; the power of life

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and death is exhilarating; war is as inevitable as life itself; peace marchers are exhibitionist, sex starved or both, etc. — that scarcely anyone in the audience will find himself pinned down by the film's line of fire.

Vietnam and the pieties of Mr. Johnson's pacification program are what we face, and this picture would have us admit that the romantic vision of war died at Verdun, that Hitler and Goering were evil men, however much they may have charmed women and children, and that the effects of radiation poisoning surpass previously known forms of physical torment. Is there a hawk who would not enthusiastically agree? I think that Rogosin is arguing his case at too primitive a level—certainly it is too primitive for the audience he is apt to find in a mid-Manhattan art house. The secret of being provocative is finding where the adversary's nerves jump. Still the film is worth seeing for that World War I British recruiting sergeant and to feel once more Hitler's maelstrom pull on crowds so large as almost to pass belief. And the cocktail party, in its own right, is witty surgery.

Directing children is a little like directing Shakespeare—you must trust the material. This Desmond Davis notably failed to do in *The Uncle*, with the result that the picture is self-conscious, overheated, arbitrary and mawkish. The basic idea is valid enough. Gus, aged 7, has a nephew of almost the same age, and this makes him vulnerable to the taunts of his contemporaries. In part, the jeering arises merely because the boys and girls of the neighborhood, conformists like all children, seize upon the oddity

of the relationship; but deeper, too, is their intuition that it was indecent of Gus's parents to produce him at the same time that his sister was producing a son of her own. These hints lead Gus into speculations about adult experience—principally the rites of love and death—that could readily be momentous for a boy of his age.

But the situation is almost entirely vitiated by the insensitivity with which the film manipulates its "sensitive" subject matter. The young actors are deployed and set into motion as though by some invisible games mistress; they watch the cues instead of one another, they whoop and pounce with patently insincere enthusiasm and become as boring as children always are when they show off to adults. The picture leans heavily on the standard shots for juvenile drama: children peering through foliage; children running along the skyline; a child in bed overhearing the indiscreet remarks of his elders; a child fleeing hurt to a deserted house where he secretes a pet bird and gazes soulfully at himself in a full-length mirror. The picture is also edited for maximum geographical confusion, but that is only a detail of the lost opportunity.

The Wrong Box continues a tone in "major" British pictures that began, I believe, with *Tom Jones* and was felt later in *The Ipcress File* (Michael Caine is also the hero of this new film) and *The Loved One*. The method is to develop a script of blatant (melodramatic or humorous) theatrical appeal and then to smother the proceedings in a millinery decor and to perform the narrative with an ostentatiously straight face. This approach, which makes clear that the film's proprietors fully appreciate its antique and somewhat preposterous charm, relates to the current preoccupation with Tiffany glass, bentwood chairs and similar *art nouveau* extravagance. *The Wrong Box* is thus chic and is being well received, but to my mind it smacks of having your cake and eating it—and rather too much cake at that.

The film is based, however remotely, on a Victorian melodrama involving the kind of lottery known as a tontine (a sum of money is deposited in the name of each of a number of young men, the ultimate survivor taking the pot) for which Robert Louis Stevenson was at least in part responsible. The plot is worked out with the help of lost corpses, mock burials, the murderous money lust of octogenarians and pure young love. The cast—in what must be called a roster of stars—includes Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, Peter Sellers, Cecely Courtneidge as well as

THE NIGHT HARBOUR

*Standing on
Sheila's terrace
During a party
I'm out here alone
Plundering my life—
Lost all evening
In the tides
Of childhood,
Drowning on
Riverside Drive
While lights
Blur in salt tears
And tug horns
Sound through
My ears
As all the
Boats converge.
Sheila's terrace
Is facing the China Sea
And small hooked lights
Are strung around ships
So we can follow
The dots. From here
I can observe
Mountains. Chinese
Islands move
Like overstuffed chairs
Shifting places
In the shadows.
I want to leave this
Terrace, sit down,
And weep. Not for
The islands of Asia
That bob up and down
Nor for the boats
That give off a smell of
Plunder
But weep for the sky I am
Under as I stand
In darkness
Towing in my life
From the other side—
The dark side
Of my eye.*

SANDRA HOCHMAN

Caine. These produce some moments of hilarity, but considering the talent involved the fun is surprisingly brief and infrequent. Everyone seems to have been infected with director Bryan Forbes's patronizing view of slapstick (clowning isn't all that easy, as at least Messrs. Richardson and Sellers must know). Too often the cast plays its laughs for laughs, an estranging mannerism which in this case is reinforced by a scent of effeminacy that hangs over the whole picture and works to the particular disadvantage of the females in the company.

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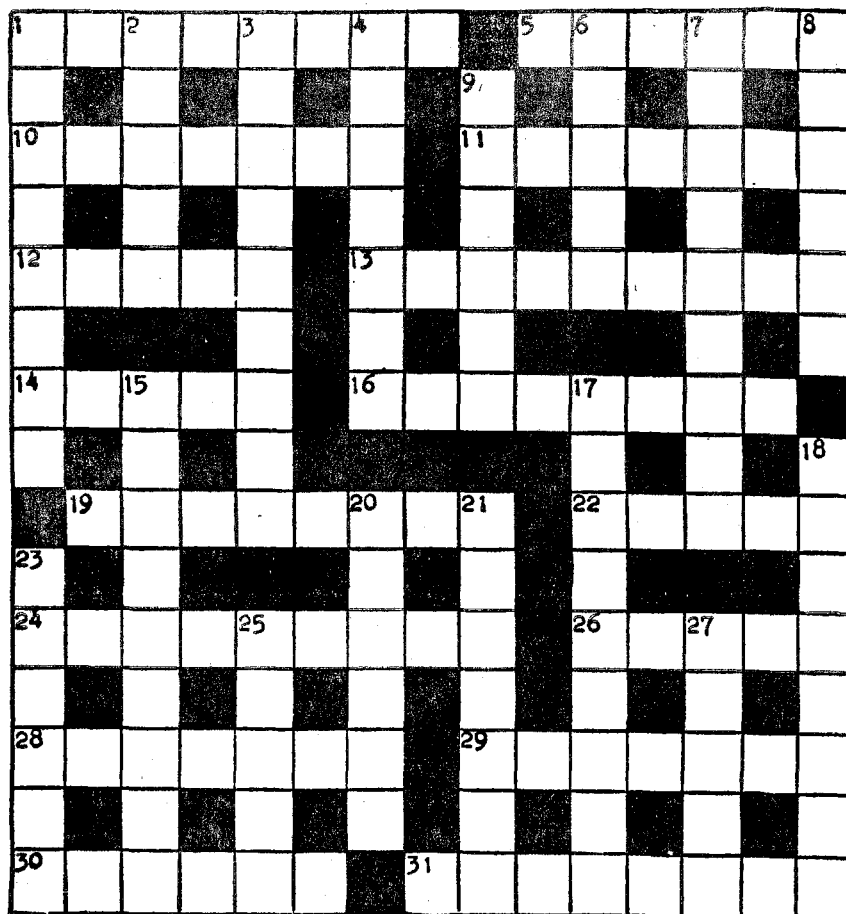
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FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 What is little Elizabeth about? A broken home, and one might make a big thing out of it. (8)
- 5 Halls in fantasy of La Boheme, but not Puccini's. (6)
- 10 Tapers, perhaps. (7)
- 11 Strange that one so silent and one so busy could be so noisy! (7)
- 13 Caxton, perhaps, typifies those who expect to make a living off their betters. (9)
- 14 Clubs that sea-faring men didn't like to find themselves in. (5)
- 16 Found in other places besides Troy's ruins. (8)
- 19 Lean animal about, which might be full of spirit. (8)
- 22 This tries to be big business, but it's only an Indian flower! (5)
- 24 Typical of those that came after Friday? (9)
- 26 One that splits 22, for example? (5)
- 28 Ebbing 26 with a boundary like stone. (6)
- 29 Think it might be fancy? (7)
- 30 It might change the course of a plowman. (6)
- 31 Army food stands for a long time, they should inform you. (8)

DOWN:

- 1 Throws the family off by appearing in early American costume? (8)
- 2, 9 and 20 down Mains? (They should be helping.) (5, 6, 3, 3)
- 3 Elia's name is likely to be associated

with such as Oceania. (9)

- 4 Goldilocks did a number of times, where engineers might find it a trying spot. (4, 3)
- 6 It might warn a component of the Federal army. (5)
- 7 and 12 across Sue, if a victim of facial contusions. (5-4, 5)
- 8 Tree, in all. (6)
- 9 See 2 down
- 15 Is everybody in the land alone? (3, 3, 3)
- 17 Doesn't give a fair trial to public transportation. (9)
- 18 When those taking too much interest in their work are soft-hearted, they attempt a take-over. (8)
- 20 See 2 down
- 21 Concerning the malice caused by delay? (7)
- 23 Mean to bring something in this way? (6)
- 25 6 might be set to help you. (5)
- 27 Implying contention in the Navy, in general. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1162

ACROSS: 1 One Fine Day; 6 Oman; 10 Enclave; 11 Tantrum; 12 Imps; 13 Midlothian; 15 Visages; 16 Truants; 17 Testers; 20 Catalan; 22 Terra firma; 23 Amos; 25 Orville; 26 Addenda; 27 Sole; 28 Advertised. DOWN: 1 Open invitations; 2 Escapes; 3 Ivan; 4 Enemies; 5 Astolot; 7 Martian; 8 No man is an island; 9 Instructs; 14 Agreeable; 18 Shrivel; 19 Stipend; 20 Compare; 21 Laments; 24 Adit.

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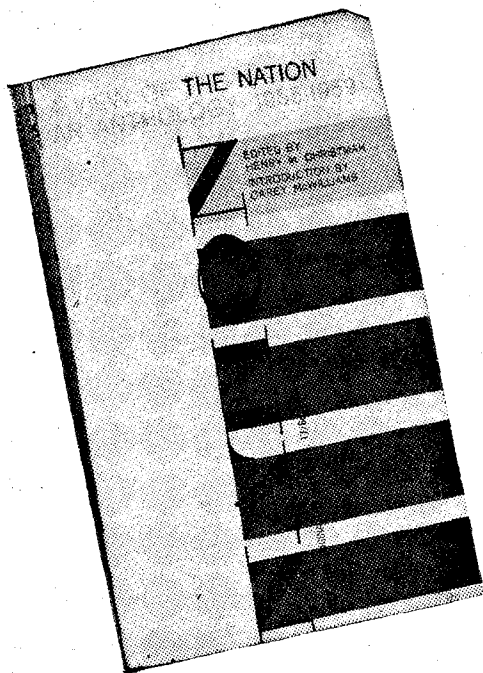
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